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Original Poetry.

A SKETCH.

BY JULIETTE M. BEACH.

The late March afternoon is wierd and gray,
The crazy wind, in monotone most dreary,
Whispers its half-told tale, and dies away
As if aweary.

Low rifts of snow lie cowering in the lane,
Where yesterday Spring's golden feet were dancing,
And from the skies that wooed her gentle reign
Black clouds are glancing.

I sit within my sewing chair, and dream—
My work, the while, falls idly from my fingers,
And where the firelight drops its mellowest beam
My gaze long lingers.

My little boy lies sleeping. Stirless now
Are the bare feet, so quick and restless lately;
And the blue eyes beneath his thoughtful brow
Are closed sedately.

One hand lies hid among the locks that float,
In careless grace, upon the yielding pillows;
The other on his breast rides like a boat
On Summer billows.

About the couch, where they his waking hide,
His whilom playthings lie in rare confusion;
And underneath, the shoes he thought to hide
In safe seclusion.

He calmly sleeps. The wind moans at the door,
And in the room the firelights' fitful gleaming
Makes pleasant shadows on the crimson floor—
I sit a-dreaming.

I see afar the veiled, uncertain land,
That in the future waits his manhood's coming,
And strive to dissipate, with love's strong hand,
Its mists benumbing.

And is he of that race of laureled kings,
The wearers of the purple of the Poet?
Or like the heroes whom the Poet sings?
His life will show it.

And if he be a soul from falsehood free,
Though he should wear no laurel, sing no story,
To bear his part with honest men shall be
Enough of glory.

The dusky twilight round the casement clings,
The wind lifts up its voice in louder wailing,
And dreary eve folds in her sombre wings
The daylight failing.

Familiar footsteps linger at the door,
And in the room the last faint day-beams quiver;
My dreams glide silently toward the shore
Of Lethe's river.

UNDER THE LOCUSTS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

O listen to the bees,
Weaving their honeyed harmonies,
In the white bloom of the locust-trees!

O faint, and soft, and slow,
Come the delicious winds that blow
Through the sweet drifts of Summer snow!

I sit with closed eyes:
Dimly the golden dreams arise,
All my soul in warm languor lies.

O swoon, enchanted brain!
Heart, why shouldst thou ever beat again?
Death is delight, and life is pain.

THE REJECTED POEMS.

BY ALICE GILL.

How oft upon the sea-beach lying,
Some little pearly shell we find,
Whose coat is with the rainbow vieing,
Sea-green without, and rosy lined.

The ocean will not cease her crying,
It is her child lies on the strand,
Her little wave-rocked babe is dying,
Upon the cold unfeeling sand.

'Tis thus with me, and I am sighing
For children nursed upon my breast;
I gave them wings, and sent them flying,
In woven thoughts of beauty dressed.

And like the ocean, I am crying,
My children lie upon the earth;
The world looks cold upon their dying,
And never asks who gave them birth.

Although the bridal wreath
Of dismal yew be made,
And on the pall be laid;
Love does not yield to Death:
There is no life save love!

Although thy love lies cold,
Let not thy tears be shed,
Dull tears are for the dead;
Love weds not with the world:
There is no life save love!

NEW YORK, May 13th, 1859.

TO A FAITHLESS HOPE.

BY A. F. BANKS.

Another fair hope is perished,
Alack the day!
Hope so fondly cherished,
Why fade away?

Thou arch Coquette! to lure
With shadowings of bliss,
Then leave me to endure
Thoughts darkened by thy kiss.

O! thou wert fickle, false, and frail;
How long I'd pressed thee to my heart;
Yet now I'm left, heart-sad and pale—
'Twas cruel, faithless, to depart.

Still, like a doating lover, who will find
Some palliation for the jilt unkind,
Though bruised Hopes around me moaning lie,
I hope!
Though 'neath Despair's cold, rankling wound I die,
I hope!

— The N. Y. Young Men's Christian Association have recently opened their new rooms on Broadway, corner of Twelfth street. The readingroom is well supplied with current newspaper and magazine literature, both secular and religious, and valuable additions to the library are constantly being made.

For the SATURDAY PRESS.

MY FIRST COMEDY.

BY DON PASTEL.

According to that most unimpeachable authority, "Grimm's Ghost," who, some forty years ago, shadowed forth the glories of Parnassus, and the tinsel of Paternoster Row, I am credibly informed that in the city wherein said Row exists, there existed also a peculiar institution, appropriately designated "THE UNSUCCESSFUL CLUB." This club, be it known, was organized and sustained for the particular benefit of all such as had been eminently successful in achieving a failure in the speciality of dramatic composition. The rules were extremely simple, but, O how consolatory to the feelings of the blighted aspirant at the shrine of Melpomene! A play, unequivocally doomed, entitled the perpetrator thereof to the coveted guerdon of unconditional membership; but, should said play, by any contingency, reach a second representation, the author's claims to enrollment being considered doubtful, were submitted to, and decided by, the ordeal of the ballot-box.

This association had a President. It was the boast of this dignitary that he had accomplished more indubitable failures than had ever been known to fall to the pot of any one man. During a period of seven years no one had been found to oust him from his proud position. He counted his hisses with more genuine transport than warrior ever counted his wounds. And, furthermore, I am told that his badge of office was a silver cat-call, which he perpetually wore attached to the third button of the left side of his coat.

I have, so to speak, taken the staff and lantern of Diogenes, and, with great patience and perseverance, searched for proofs of the existence of any similar institution in this our city. But in vain. What am I to understand from this? That we have no unsuccessful Dramatic Writers? Must I come to the conclusion, that I—Oh horror!—stand alone in the gladiatorial arena, the one Defeated Man? Kind fortune forfend! I appeal to the tender bosom of the Editor of the SATURDAY PRESS. I throw myself upon the sympathies of its erudite contributors and readers—I bid them, with my handkerchief to my eyes—explain, explain!

Misery loves company. Yea, sometimes company elevates that emotion to a pleasure. An isolated, miserable man is a spectacle for angels to weep at. As in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, so, I take it, in the multitude of the miserable there is felicity. Who would be a Wandering Jew, or a Doctor Faustus, or a Peter Schlemyl? But, were wandering Jews an "institution," were it fashionable to make infernal compacts with the Evil One, whereby the wisdom and wealth of this world might be had for "only a soul"—were it *ton* to barter the shadow for the substance, instead of the reverse—who would not be any or all of these?

For twelve mortal months I have kept the secret buried in my own breast. Like a canker-worm (that's original) it has so gnawed that much abused portion of the human system, that it is only by oft-repeated slaps thereon that I am reminded of its "local habitation, and its name." I have longed for a breast, so canker-wormed, with which to fraternise; but, having failed to obtain one by legitimate means, I have determined to become mildly desperate, and make a "clean breast of it" to the world, and the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS, which is synonymous.

I—I—(forgive this weakness) I wrote a—Comedy! Powers of goodness! that Comedy was damned! There now, I feel better—well enough to proceed with some degree of coherence. After all, it's a great relief to unbosom oneself. 'Pon my life, I had no idea that half a dozen words could do so much for one's happiness. I feel almost tempted to whistle. I actually believe at this moment I am smiling. Ha, ha! . . . . .

Oh, how I labored through the silent midnight! Rack of brain—powers of mind—stretch of imagination—all on the quest for plot—for incident—for diction. The scene was laid in America, the society it portrayed was American, the characters who spoke, were all Americans; the name—which already I saw being handed down to posterity—was that of a "Young American Author." Weeks to a single scene, months to a single act, two years to a complete whole, were given with a melancholy cheerfulness. The pints of coffee and kerosine oil consumed in the undertaking were more, I fear, than the reader could *swallow* were I disposed to particularise; and as for the quires of paper, bottles of ink, and dozens of gold-pointed pens laid desolate by the task, I have no hesitation in saying that they would have made the fortune of any Stationer of modest aspirations.

At length my labor was completed.

I had read of the enterprise of managers. Rumor had wafted to mine ears the acumen—the indulgence—the liberality of the great Public before whose tribunal my ambition was to throw myself. I re-read my production—compared it with gems from "Duncombes British Theatre" and "French's American Drama." Need I say it stood the comparison? I even saw in it more beauties—more telling situations—more diamonds from the mine of thought (what d'ye think of that, sir?)—than in the combined works of that befuffled, beflattered individual—William Shakespeare. I put my comedy in my pocket and proceeded down Broadway. Foot passengers hustled and jostled; little did they know against whom. Inexorable stage-drivers cracked their whips, and said: "Ride Sir? Fulton Ferry Sir?" What wotted they whom they addressed? "Never mind, a-ha! the time will come when the very stones of Broadway will rise up in jubilee at my approach. Little do they think that in this pocket I carry a wreath of immortal fame!" And thus soliloquising I reached the stage door of the "Bravobuski Theatre."

The manager of this dramatic Temple is too well known to need description. For behoof of my country friends, I may state however, that he is of portly dimensions—has a face of refreshing unctuousness, with two small grey eyes placed at random in a plethora of animal matter. His voice comes from some unknown cavity, and falls upon the ear like the rumble of bad Theatrical thunder. I believe he has *not* a strawberry mark on his left arm. His name is Clencher.

"Well sir," said Mr. Clencher—"so you've got a play have you—hum?" As swift as magic bates appears in the hand of Robert Houdin, was my play placed in that of Manager Clencher.

"What is it called?" said he, unrolling the precious document.

"Simply, Excelsior"—I answered.

The Random eyes looked at mine; the bad thunder gave a preliminary grunt, and then said—"Simply—nonsense. Who wants to see Excelsior? Does any body want to see Excelsior? Excelsior be blowed? Take Excelsior home and bury it in your trunk. And hark-ye! young sir, never again let it see the light of day. Bah! Excelsior! humph!"

"Sir, you might at least be civil."

"What's that you say, sir? Dare you speak to me in my own theatre? Out of the house, sir! Here, Jinkins! turn Excelsior out."

I did not avail myself of the professional assistance of Mr. Jinkins; although that gentleman seemed amply able and willing to act up to the letter of his instructions. In five seconds I was in the street.

Here was a damper for me! Innumerable princely edifices reared in mid-air—the pastime labor of two years—blown into chaos by a few ill-natured whiffs from Manager Clencher. Sick at heart, I hurried home. The world was now a blank—earth, heaven, and human kind an illusion and a mockery. I looked at my razors, and thought of their various useful appliances. "Don't be rash," said an admonitory voice. "I will, O, I am determined." I muttered. "You're a fool, then," said the voice.

"Jack! Jack! how can you talk to me so?"

"And more than that," said Jack, "Clencher's a humbug!"

I looked at Jack. He was leaning back in his chair, placidly smoking a cigar. His leg was dangling over the arm of that chair. There was the philosopher all over Jack.

"I say again," continued Jack, as he blew away the curling wreaths of smoke, "Clencher is a humbug. If its any gratification to you, I've no objection to prefix the adjective and say,—an unmitigated humbug!"

It *was* a gratification to me—a very decided gratification. It was plain enough now—Manager Clencher, *was* a humbug. I grasped Jack's hand.

"Thank you, Jack,——I—I—believe I won't."

"That's right! Don't."

"Advise me, Jack; there's a good fellow! What should I do?"

"Why! what a question, Simpleton! Try some one else, to be sure."

Egad! who, but a fellow like Jack would ever have thought of such a thing?

. . . . . .

How sorry I was then, how glad I am now, that Jack did not wait to see the result of his friendly advice. A gold fever broke out in a far off region called Fraser's River. Jack was carried off by it, and to it. I missed his smiling face. It is with joy as with grief—we want a kindred vessel to pour our surcharged feelings into. I had succeeded with "some one else." My play was accepted. Gods! how I felt then! My play accepted! Eureka! Henceforth dubbed—"gifted young American author!" Henceforth pointed out—"talented young American author!" The courted of the great—the cynosure of the lovely! The admired, the fêted, the flattered! O, bright eyes, and fairy forms, what shall I do with myself? Stoney Clencher pig-iron-hearted Clencher, *fret*—"fret till thy proud heart burst!" O, inasmate Jehu! neither Fulton ferry, nor any other ferry—but right to the summit of Olympus,—all the way! Place me among the gods! What a splendid apotheosis! A fane in the blue ether! Cherubic attendants, *ad infinitum!* This the song in every mouth, and inscribed on every scroll:—"Young American author, all hail!"

Trembling, hoping, fearing, I sit in the manager's box. See what novelty can do! See what a play by a young American author can do! Look, what a house! The *élite*, the intelligence of the city! Not much room to spare there! Not a seat; not an inch of a seat! and still they come. They fill the passages; they jam up the door-ways; they stand upon tip-toe; they strain over shoulders; they laugh, and cry, and fret, and joke; they sing out—"take your hat off"—"you sit down there"—"halos, sir, you're on my foot"—"here's the Orchestra"—"let me look at your bill"—"now then, stupid—"hush"—"hats off"—"hist." Bang! and off starts the music! Still trembling, hoping, fearing. It is a delirium,—a phantasmagoria—there is a sea of living heads; a crash of weird-like music. Sight and sound are hideously mixed up to me. My brain is a kaleidoscope, through which I see a prismoid of strangest colorings. It is a whispering gallery! How fearfully acute is every noise, and yet, how terribly vague! How the babel of sound falls upon the distracted tympanum! The music ceases; the audience is hushed; the curtain rises, and enter "Excelsior."

Breathes there the author—ever will there breathe the author, who will say to himself, or his neighbor, or the public—that his piece got justice meted out to it on a first representation?

"If such there be, go mark him well;"

he is a truckler, and a panderer. Dollars are his gods, the managerial smile his day-dream, the public approbation his alpha and his omega. The "Nine" scout him as a poltroon and a bastard. He lives in an atmosphere of pewter-pots; he dies in a wretched garret; he leaves nothing that pure minds may linger on with delight, and so he passes away, and is forgotten. Your true poet is a man in a century. He is a child of nature, and has a soul that will not be tied down to the common conventionalities of the fraternity of "Sock and Buskin." *Sub rosa*, actors are not poets; how can they, then, interpret the poet's loftier conceptions? If I breathe forth my soul in poetic fire, and Dubbings, the favorite histrion, retails that fire in such a manner that the audience immediately throw cold water upon it, am I to be held responsible? Dubbings may walk through the piece, and make a point of not making a single point, and smile, and put his hand on his heart (heart, indeed!) as much as to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, you needn't find fault with me; I didn't write the piece; in fact, I am doing the piece a favor by acting in it." And the audience may acknowledge the justice of Dubbings' mute appeal, and "damn" the piece and the author "up hill and down dale," and the author has to bear the brunt of all this.

Oh, is it not enough to make me jump out of the manager's box, and strangle the contumacious Dubbings where he stands? Listen to his address to Leonora! It took me three weeks—three weeks, under the most powerful afflatus—to compose that address. Dubbings rattles it off in as many minutes. He winks at Leonora with the eye next the stage. Heaven forgive Dubbings! Heaven forgive Leonora for reciprocating that wink!

Two acts have passed, and the curtain rises upon the third. What serpent-like sounds are these? At first low and indistinct—gradually acquiring volume and compass—anon rolling and surging, until the auditorium becomes one vast hydra of tumult and "bedlam let loose." Dubbings comes on. *Ah mane* the audience jumps to its feet and cries "Away! away! be off! hiss-s-s-s." Dubbings smiles, bows, and retires. Next the manager comes on; also smiling and bowing. He fares no better. He attempts to speak—to explain, still he fares no better. Hiss-s-s! Hoot! Stop the piece! drop the curtain! "Bring out the Author," shouts one. "We'll tar and feather him," vociferates another. "We'll send him to Congress," cries a little boy in the gallery; and the noise and confusion become more general and exciting.

What further, I remember not. How I got out of the box, how I got into the street, how I got home, I cannot say. 'Tis all a horrid dream; a painful nightmare. Was it weeks or months, I confined myself to my room? Alas, how should I know? They told me I had been sick—sick nigh unto death; but no such happy deliverance was in store for me. I also raved, they said. I know I had ghastly visions. In them all, and throughout them all, Dubbings was my tormenting spirit. Prodigies could not be too high—gulph too yawning—chasm too infernal for Dubbings and me. There was blood on the hand of Dubbings—vengeance in the eye of Dubbings, and curses on the lip of Dubbings. On an average, Dubbings would tear me limb from limb fifty times a-day. Before large audiences, hideous ogre audiences, would Dubbings drag me bob; and there would be bald me up to ridicule—to obloquy, as the would be "Young American author."

. . . . . .

'Tis now twelve months since that fearful night. The wound is healed, but the scar remains. I can revert to it now with a measure of calmness. Might I but live to see the day when I shall be installed perpetual President of the New York "Unsuccessful Club," methinks the departed smile might be courted back again; who knows, I might be brought to look upon it as a very good joke.

OTIS.

WAR.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Where is the Laureate true to his pay?
Let him come forward and sing of the war,
Well, if it does not shut up his lay.
Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!
Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Be not deaf to the shrill French horns,
Be not gulled by Napoleon petit,
Are figs of thistles or grapes of thorns?
What says the Laureate? Fiddle-de-dee.
Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!
Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Let your idyls a moment go,
Look to your butt of sack and your fame,
Better a silly lyric or so,
Than a silly book or an epic to blame.
Sing, sing, Tennyson, sing!
Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing!

Sing, we are all on hand to applaud!
Sing, in Mars's name and the Queen's;
True, you have recently given us Maud,
But only the Devil knows what *that* means.
Sing, sing, Tennyson sing!
Ready, be ready with ting-a-ling!
Tennyson, Tennyson, Tennyson sing

—*Southern Literary Messenger.*

WHERE SHALL I GO?

13 COTTAGE PLACE,
NEW YORK, June 8th.

Mr. Editor:

Where shall I go this Summer? To Newport, Saratoga, or Long Branch? I can't make up my mind. And it's so perplexing! One has so many particular friends going everywhere. Pa says I had better go to the White Mountains, and get some good, wholesome, fresh air. But, you know, that is away North, almost among the savages, and I don't want to go there a bit. Then one can't dress there much. You have to wear all sorts of common dresses and flats, and great thick, stout gaiters. By the way, I don't see how men can wear such boots as they do. Fred's weigh ever so much, and it is as much as I can do to lift them. But he laughs at me, and pulls them on as if they were as light as a feather, and then jumps and runs about everywhere, to show me how little he cares for them.

But I was talking about something else,—about the White Mountains. I think it would be real stupid up there among the mountains. Don't you? Nothing but climbing hills all day long, and sleeping all night. Fred, my brother, says that there are nice walks up there, and plenty of strawberries. Now, I should like the strawberries, and the walks, especially if Mr. ——.

Oh, there, I didn't mean to say anything about him. I don't care much for him, anyhow; only he is so good natured; you can't make him cross.

Then there's Saratoga. I am sick of those springs and their horrid salt water. Pa let's me go there if I promise to drink the stuff three times every day. He says that it is very beneficial. But I don't think so. It tastes like the water from the Dead Sea. I have got some of *that*, which some "dear, good minister," as she calls him, brought home to Aunt Livingston. It is horrid stuff. She says that it was the *salt-cataphysis* of Lot's wife that made the water so salt and brackish. I don't know what that great long word means, and perhaps I haven't got it spelt right; but you editors know all those big words. As I said before, I think the waters are horrid, and I don't believe anybody goes there for them. I know *I* don't. Last Summer I went there, and, oh, such splendid times we had! You men don't know anything about it. There was Mary Boulere, and Lucy Diggs,—she's a sweet thing, only she's got such a horrid name,—and lots of others. And what a flirtation Mary had with George de la Vergne. I thought they were engaged, but Mary told me, last week, that it was only a harmless flirtation. I never liked him much, only he does drive such splendid horses. Fred says he "handles the ribbons better than any other man on the road." What does that mean, I wonder? I can't see what ribbons have to do with horses, unless he means those blue rosettes on the sides of the horses' heads.

Then there is Newport. I like Newport best of all; only I am afraid that Pa won't let me go there. He says it is so expensive, "great outlay and no profit," to use his words. There's none of that horrid water to drink every day there, that's why I like it, though there's plenty of it to bathe in. And then they have dancing there—that does one good. I am sure it is a great deal more beneficial to me than the waters. Oh, I think it perfectly lovely. I only hope Pa will let me go there this season. Mary Boulere is going next week and she has got some of the loveliest dresses I ever saw. She is only going to take five trunks. I can't imagine how a girl like Mary can get along with five trunks. I shall have to take at least a dozen, exclusive of bandboxes. Fred laughs at me about my trunks. You know he never takes more than one. But, I guess if he gets many more pairs of pants, like those that came home from the tailor's last night, he will have to increase his travelling accommodations. I measured them this morning—the pants not the accommodations—and they were almost a yard wide across the tops; great, big horrid things. I don't like them a bit, and so I told Fred. The impudent fellow replied that I didn't know anything about gentlemen's fashions, and told me to "leave matters of high import alone, and go to my dolls." The idea of my having dolls! But it's just like Fred.

But I must close this chatter. If you like, you may publish this, but I don't suppose you will think it good enough. Truly yours,

P. R. S.

P. S.—I should have commenced this "*Dear* Mr. Editor," instead of simple, "Mr. Editor," only Ma was looking over my shoulder, and she wouldn't have thought it proper. She is very particular, you know.

P. R. S.

ENLIGHTENED JOURNALISM.

The editor of the *Gospel Banner*, a religious paper published in Maine, visited the city of Boston during Anniversary Week, and went to the opera, "not as a minister, but as an editor," and for the express purpose of seeing the "infatuation of opera-goers." He thus gives his idea of the Italian Opera:

"The spectacle that saluted the eye before the rising of the curtain was a magnificent one. The whole floor was occupied by finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, as were the three galleries rising one above the other into the lofty dome, which was brilliantly lighted. And the music of the orchestra, and now and then a strain of the singing were fine, but the performance, as a whole, we thought a farce. Whiskered men and painted women tricked out in plush and thunt, growling and grunting, and shrieking, and squalling, sometimes in solo, and then in duett, and anon the whole swarm like so many cats, gesticulating, and menacing, and embracing, and frowning, and going through with all sorts of antics, in a gibberish that nobody can understand, that is the Italian Opera as we heard and saw it. Had it not been for a few strains—of which Casta Diva, as sung by Madame Laborde, is never to be forgotten, and Carl Formes' bass singing,—it would have been insufferable. And yet, when some performer went through with his or her throat-splitting vocal gymnastics, it was curious to see the audience—such being the *fashion* just now—go into fits of enthusiasm. To us—and we profess not only to have an ear but two ears for music—a quiet seat on a mossy rock, near some pond full of frogs, would have been quite as edifying, and nearly as musical."

It would be interesting to know whether in the discussion of religious topics the elegant critic of the *Gospel Banner* displays such sparkling qualities as are shown in the above dew-drop.—*Boston Courier.*

One Thing and Another.

— Our friends in the rural districts will be pleased to learn on the authority of the *N. Y. Tribune* that "the "success of a dairyman is, of course, in great measure, "dependent upon the judgment he displays in the selec- "tion of his cows. If he allows drovers to impose upon "him with poor animals, for a succession of years, he "will find his expenses outrunning his profits, and he "ultimately compelled to choose between abandoning "the business or selling his farm."

We are also informed by the same journal that "care- "ful management, kind treatment, and full feeding, "will have the greatest possible influence upon the net "proceeds from each cow."

Valuable instruction like this ought to be printed in characters of gold.

— The "Pierian Sodality" and the "Harvard Glee Club," two societies of the under-graduates of Harvard, gave a Concert on the evening of June 8th, in Lyceum Hall, Cambridge. We copy the Programme, to show the standard of music cultivated in those classic shades; the old graduates of Harvard will be well pleased to see this evidence of refined cultivation among the students.

PART I.

1	Overture	Verdi.
2	War Song	Kücken.
3	Lovely Night	Chwatal.
4	Quartette, Love	Cherubini.
5	Flute Quintette, No. VII, Andante, Allegro, Minuetto	Haydn.
6	Banish, oh Maiden	Lorenz.

PART II.

1	Waltz, Ballo Klänge	Lumbye.
2	Miller's Daughter	Hiertel.
3	Serenade, Soldier's Song	Eisenhofer. Werner.
4	Flute Quintette, VI, Minuetto, Trio, Finale Vivace	Haydn.
5	Libera	Kalliwoda.
6	Comital	Mendelssohn.
7	Pot Pourri (Martha)	Flotow.

— The Syracuse *Daily Journal*, in noticing Karl Saul, the four-eyed man, whose merits were made known by a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, suggests that gentleman as a candidate for the Presidency, on the ground, we presume, that a four-eyed President would be a fore-sighted one.

— Thompson's *Bank Note Reporter* thus defines some of the phrases used in stock circles and in newspapers:

A Bull is one who buys stocks on speculation, thinking they will rise, so that he can sell at a profit. It is to his interest to have stocks rise, and he will resort to every means to bring about the desired result.

A Bear is one who sells stocks on speculation, thinking they will fall, so that he can buy in for less money to fill his contracts. It is to his interest to break down the market, and he will resort to the most desperate means to accomplish his object.

A Corner is when the bears cannot buy or borrow the stock to deliver in fulfilment of their contracts.

A Deposit is earnest money, lodged in the hands of a third party as a guaranty. "5 up," "10 up," etc., is the language expressive of a deposit.

Overloaded is when the bulls cannot take and pay for the stocks they have purchased.

Short is when a person or party sells stocks when they have none, and expects to buy or borrow them in time to deliver.

Long is when a person or party has a plentiful supply of stock.

A Flyer is to buy some stock with a view to selling it in a few days, and either make or lose, as luck will have it.

A Wash is a pretended sale, by special agreement between the seller and buyer, for the purpose of getting a quotation reported.

What wonder that the Rev. Mr. Cuyler thinks a man should be firmly grounded in the Christian faith before he becomes a stock-broker?

— The Society for the Conversion of the Jews, held its annual meeting recently. The report stated that the income of the Society for the past year had been £31,305 16s. 4d. It further stated that the number of Jews who have been christened during that period was 19 large ones and one little one; but we'll say twenty. This, according to long division, indicates, as the price of converting each Jew, the sum of £1,565 5s. 9½d. The process seems a little dear, but that's the Society's business. *Mr. Punch* would only hint to his friends the Hebrews, that if they wish to balance the account, there are heaps of Christians who are ready to become Jews at a very considerably lower figure than £1,565 5s. 9½d. per soul.—[*Punch.*

— Wm. A. Ives' auger factory, at Hamden, Conn., was insured May 1, and was accidently burnt May 2d, the day after, in the afternoon, while all the workmen were on the premises. The same week the loss was adjusted by the Insurance Companies, and over $100,000 paid without the usual delay of sixty day. A new factory has been erected on the same spot, and on the 2d of June, just one month from the day of the fire, the new factory was in operation, the machinery at work, and the workmen busy.

— They have on exhibition at Augusta, Georgia, a two-headed girl. The *Constitutionalist* describes her as follows:

Her color is that of a dark mulatto, and she appears to be two girls, so far as two heads, four arms, and four legs and feet, would indicate personal indentities; and yet she has but one body. The spinal column branches off about the position of the lower portions of the shoulder blades, and connects with the neck and head of the girl. The abdominal portion seems the natural formed body of one person. She was born in North Carolina, and is about eight years old. Her heads are symmetrically formed and her faces quite handsome.

It may, perhaps, be doubted whether the colored young lady realizes the truth of the proverb that "two heads are better than one," or even whether her friends like her any the more for always having "two faces." Her exhibitors, however, may take a different view of the case.

— Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text—"Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards, remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he "had better hereafter let other people's wives alone."

— A Western editor thinks that Hiram Powers is a swindler, because he chiselled a Greek girl out of a block of marble.

— At the late term of the Circuit Court of Lawrence county, Miss., Ed. Langsford was indicted for selling a hoop-skirt to a negro without permission, and fined $100 and cost of suit, including, we believe, the hoop.

— Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

— Mr. William B. Bradbury and Mr. Th. E. Perkins, assisted by Mr. Bonini, are about establishing, at Geneseo, N. Y., a Musical Institute or Academy for the preparation of Teachers of Music.

— Mr. R. C. Winthrop, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, being about to visit Europe, has recently ordered half a dozen Mount Vernon canes, for presentation to friends in Europe. The Knights Templar, recently on a visit to Richmond, have also sent an order for one of these canes for each member. The Mount Vernon timber is now manufactured into canes, goblets, necklaces, amulets, picture-frames, and "articles of bigotry and virtue" of every shape.

— We learn from *The Schenectady Star* that a new prize has been founded at Union College by H. G. Warner, Esq., of Rochester, a graduate of the class of 1826. It consists of a silver goblet, suitably inscribed, of the value of $50, to be given to the graduate of that College who shall reach the highest standing in the performance of collegiate duties, and also sustain the best character for moral rectitute and deportment, he having been actually attendant for the two preceding years.

— The negroes of New England have called a convention to be held in Boston, on Monday, August 1st, 1859, to take into consideration the subjects connected with the moral, social, and political elevation of the colored race, in the New England and other States. "The white element of the population" will be admitted.

— It seems to be a part of the unwritten law of the land, says the Boston *Courier*, that no public officer, who performs an act in the line of his duty, however solemn and painful, shall escape the usual amount of sickening puffery. On Friday, one Michael O'Brien was executed in Albany for murdering his wife, and one of our exchanges thus speaks of the officer who carried the law into effect: "Sheriff Van Alstyne per- "formed his dreadful duty in a manner that does "credit to his qualities of head and heart." If the *Courier* is really opposed to the puffing system, let it imitate the example of the SATURDAY PRESS, and exclude everything of the kind from its columns. We heard a man say, the other day, however, that the American people had such implicit faith in the system that not a few of them "hoped to secure their final salvation "by puffing the Almighty!" And the remark, though not in the best taste, struck us as having a great deal of truth in it.

— The Commissioners of the Central Park give notice that a portion of the Park is now complete and available to persons desiring a short ramble among rocks, grass, and foliage, without going beyond the limits of the city. This finished ground, known as "The Ramble," situated immediately South of the old Receiving Reservoir, is accesible by either the Third, Sixth, or Eighth avenue railroad, at an expense not exceeding six cents. From the termini, at Fifty-ninth street, of the railroads of the Sixth and Eighth avenues it is reached by a walk through the unfinished portion of the Park. At the entrance on Fifth avenue, opposite Seventy-second street, a gravelled walk commences, leading directly to "The Ramble." Access to this entrance can best be had by the Third avenue railroad, leaving the cars at Seventy-first street.

— Colonel Fuller, in one of his Paris letters to the New York *Express*, says that "if Americans are some "times harshly judged by men of high intelligence "and refinement abroad, let us remember the hard "specimens we send them, and be charitable." Pretty good for the Colonel; but he should bear in mind that accomplished gentlemen (like himself and Chevalier Wickoff, for instance) are necessarily rare in a new country.

— The following scene took place lately in one of our religious bookstores:

Ragged boy (with taste for startling literature)—"I want a copy of the Revengeful Rover of the Remorseless Reef; or"—

Clerk—"We havn't got it, my son!"

Boy—"Haven't got it? Haven't got the Revengeful Rover? How do you expect to make a living if you don't keep up with the literature of the day?"

And the ragged boy rushed out and bought a copy of the *Ledger*.

— The Chicago *Democrat* gives the following explanation of the origin of the recent fire at Oshkosh, Wisconsin:

Last February, two houses of prostitution were burned in Oshkosh by the citizens, and the inmates, twelve girls and a man, taken to jail. After the liberation of the girls, a convention of this class of "artists" was held, at which a solemn oath was made, to burn the city from end to end before the Summer was over, in revenge for burning the two houses aforementioned, and the deed was consummated last week, when every store and office in the place was burned.

— A bill has been reported to the Connecticut House of Representatives, to prohibit all theatrical exhibitions, Ethiopian concerts, menageries and other matters of kindred character, in the State, unless the same shall be of a strictly moral character, under a penalty of $100 for each violation of the law. It is understood that at the next session a distinguished Connecticutian will introduce another bill providing for the immediate and permanent abolition of human nature, which appears to be as offensive to the good people in that locality as real nutmegs.

— In Augusta, Ga., there is a colored Baptist Society, the pastor of which belongs to the church, the members having bought him for hard cash. There are not a few white clergymen who hold their office by the same tenure.

— The director of the Dead House, in Paris, has (according to *Figaro*) received the following letter:—

Sir—Our uncle disappeared some days since, and his absence has given us the greatest anxiety. If some accident has happened to him, and he should be taken to your establishment, be good enough to notify us. You will recognize him without difficulty, for he is *deaf and dumb*.

— The New York correspondent of the Taunton (Mass.) *Gazette*, says:

"I believe when I last wrote you, we were all alive with Sickles excitement. The story is dead now, and that persecuted gentleman may be seen in Broadway, any fine morning, enjoying his cigar with as much tranquility as if he had never been in danger of being hanged—if, indeed, he ever was. Some of his friends gave him, a few days ago, at Delmonico's, one of those splendid little dinners which only Delmonico can get up."

[See Correspondence of the Boston Courier.]

BOLOGNA, May 25, 1859.

Mr. Editor:—

I will, with your permission, give you my views of the Italian War:

Il bel passe cui, feo la sorte madre dell' Arti e del Saper reina, pericolose plenum opus alee, Publica Res, sui compos, ammesso e non concesso à la Greeley, à la Dickens, calpestata dalle cavalle Lombarde, constituente, da bravo, andi alteram partem bisogna sentire amendue le campane, risorgimento, Cavour, cavsoro, bon-vivant, coup d'état, Barbare Franco-Piedmontese, sui-compos, moderato, cui feo la sorte madre dell' Arti e del Saper reina, e pluribus unum, non est disputandum.

DARPHOOL.

— A malicious correspondent suggests, as a motto for Mr. Curtis's pleasant story in *Harper's Weekly*, the following lines from Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh:"

Trumps
A baby might blow better on two straining cheeks
Of bobbed roe to make his mother laugh.

— Jones, who has read all of Cobb, and is now sedulously keeping up with "The Hidden Hand," says he cannot read the "Mount Vernon Papers," because they are ill-ledger-ble.

— Mr. Everett has lately attempted to convince the Boston public that Powers's statue of Webster is just what they wanted, but the "Brain of the United States" cannot be deceived by any such "leger de main."

Mr. Stephen Massett, recently returned from a successful tour South and West, gave one of his inimitable entertainments, on Thursday evening, at Dodworth's Rooms, and is announced to give another at the same place to-day (Saturday), at 2 P. M., entitled, "Songs and Chit-Chat of Travel in Many Lands," introducing, for the first time in New York, the scene of the "Death of Poor Joe," from Dickens's "Bleak House."

— Professor Agassiz has received a butterfly that measures ten leagues from the tip of one wing to the other,—"the other" remaining in the hands of the donor. Country papers please copy.

— Major General Wool concludes a very sensible letter on the war-question, with the following passage:

"The people of Italy are struggling for what Louis Napoleon has promised them, 'civilization and independence.' When the contest is over, no matter which of the two Emperors succeeds, a *Te Deum* will be sung in all the churches, in honor of the glorious success of his Imperial Majesty; but no *Te Deum* will be sung in honor of the people. Their glory will consist in seeing their beautiful country laid waste, and themselves left destitute and helpless; and thus it will be until another Emperor devastates the land of the Cæsars (whose word at one period was law to all Europe), under the disguise of giving the people 'civilization and independence.'"

— A tutor lecturing a young man for his irregular conduct, added with great pathos:—"The report of your vices will bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the incorrigible, "my father wears a wig."

The Difference.

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen them,"
Said Charley, one morning, to Joe;
"Pray tell me the difference between them,—
For bother my wig if I know!"
Quoth Joe, "'Tis the easiest matter
At once to distinguish the two—
At one you go into the water;
At the other, it goes into you!"

Boston Post.

— The Italian Committee have organized an entertainment to take place at the Academy of Music on Wednesday next, for the benefit of the Italian fund. The entertainment will consist of an operatic matinee, when the *Trovatore* will be given by Madame Gazzaniga, Signor Amodio, and the other principal artists of the Academy, all of whom have volunteered for the occasion. In the evening the opera of the Martyrs will be given, when Madame Cortesi, Brignoli, and Junca, will sing. Md'lle Parodi will also sing the Marseillaise, and other national songs will be given. The prices of admission will be as usual.

At the last meeting of the Sanitary Association the following remarkable facts were adduced:

"Three years since the whole number of buildings of all descriptions in New York was some 53,000. The city is divided into twenty-two wards. In 1856, nineteen of these wards contained a population of 535,027 inhabitants, divided into 112,833 families, averaging a little less than five souls in each family. For the accommodation of these 112,833 families residing in nineteen wards, there were 36,088 dwellings averaging about three and one-half families occupying an entire house. There are but 12,717 of these families occupying an entire house, 7,148 of these dwellings contain two families, 4,600 contain each three families. Thus, while 24,465 of these dwellings shelter but 36,213 families, the remaining 13,623 houses have to cover 76,620 families, averaging nearly six families to each house, showing that about three fourths of the whole population of New York live, averaging but a fraction less than six families in a house, while only about one family in ten occupy a whole house."

— We cut the following from the *Critic* of June 4th:

On Tuesday the Master of the Rolls pronounced judgment in a case wherein the veteran poet, Walter Savage Landor, was deeply interested. The reader will recollect the case last year which resulted in a certain Mrs. Yescombe recovering £1,000 damages, and costs, against Mr. Landor, for some very foul and unwarrantable libels which he had written against her. The affidavits in this case before the Master of the Rolls deposed that Mr. Landor had gone to live in Italy, to avoid payment of the damages and costs, and that he had no property in England legally vested in him. It appeared, however, that there was a certain estate called Ipsley Court, which brought in an income of about £1,200 a year, and which was vested in trustees for the benefit of Mr. Landor. The Master of the Rolls decided that the rents should be impounded for payment of the judgment debt and costs so due.

— The London *Athenæum*, which rarely speaks well of an American work, has a long and genial notice of "The Convalescent," by N. P. Willis. We copy the opening sentence:

The last time we met Mr. Willis was in the mazes of a sentimental American art-novel, which was neither very merry nor very wise. How pleasant it is to encounter him as having come forth from the labyrinth, we need not tell. This parlor-window (*or arbor-door*) book of his is as much to our liking as its predecessor was the contrary. Mannered, no doubt, it is; but the mannerism of Mr. Willis has mellowed, if not simplified itself. The influences of time, sickness, country-life, are to be traced in these pages. The heart that never wanted in good nature has gained in wisdom. There is an *afternoon*-tone about the book,—not that of the land (dear to all lovers of Indolence)

—where it was always afternoon,

but something sobered—not therefore dull,—quiet—not for that drowsy;—and though it be merely, like many of Mr. Willis's books, a collection of scattered papers, it may, and we think should, live among the miscellanies which (to return) we are glad to take up in the parlor-window or at the arbor-door.

— Messrs. Wilmer & Rogers, corner of Nassau and Liberty streets, have for sale the two first parts of the original English edition (far superior to the American reprint) of Chambers' Encyclopædia. Price 20 cents.

— Mr. F. A. Brady announces as in press "The Marquis of Waterford. Fast Life: An autobiography. Being the Recollections, Recounters, Renverses, and Reprisals of a Man about Town."

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending June 18, 1859.

Trow's New York City Directory. Compiled by H. Wilson. Vol. LXXIII. For the year ending May 1, 1860. 8vo., pp. 986. New York: John F. Trow.

The Dangers and Defenses of New York; addressed to the Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War, by Major J. G. Barnard, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Published by order of the Chamber of Commerce, by permission of the Secretary of War. Pamphlet, pp. 62. New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1859.

Lady Blanche; or, The Castle and the Cottage. By Pierce Egan, Esq., author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," "The Love Test," "Paul Jones," etc. New York: F. A. Brady.

Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German, by E. C. Otté and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. Vol. 5. 12mo., pp. 462. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Monastery. A Novel. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The Angel of the Iceberg: and other Stories, illustrating great Moral Truths. Designed chiefly for the Young. By John Todd. 12mo., pp. 374. Northampton: Bridgman & Childs; New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

Whitsuntide at Cedar Grove. By Mrs. William Wood Seymour, author of "Easter Holidays at Cedar Grove," "Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove," etc. 12mo., pp. 310. New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. 1858.

The White Mountain Guide Book. Second Edition. 12mo., pp. 176. Concord, N. H.: Edson C. Eastman; New York: Ross & Tousey. 1859.

A New Method of Learning the French Language: embracing both the Theoretical and Practical Modes of Instruction; designed for the use of Academies, and the Higher Classes in Public and Select Schools, and also for Private Students. By Alfred Walchner, Professor of Modern and Ancient Languages, New York. Hamburg, Leipsic, and New York: Jul. Schuberth & Co. 1859.

Special Notices.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at Ross's Bookstore, No. 327 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

WILL CLOSE.
THE THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF the National Academy of Design (now open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. in Tenth street, near Broadway) will close on Saturday night, June 25.
T. ADDISON RICHARDS, Cor. Sec., N. A.

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PIANOS TO LET.

FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
THE FIRST DAY OF JUNE.
DANIEL GALE, PROPRIETOR, CALDWELL, N. Y.
The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

CROOK & DUFF,
MODEL RESTAURANT,
Times Building,
New York.
DINNER,
BREAKFAST, and TEA.
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR PARTIES.

OCEAN MAIL STEAMERS.—The European mails, by the steamship ARIEL, hence for Southampton, will close at the New York Postoffice, to-day, June 18, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1859.

ABLE EDITORS IN COUNCIL.

The "New York State Editorial and Typographical Association" have just held their sixth annual meeting at Syracuse. The number of Able Editors present was thirty-six—to wit, one from the metropolis, and thirty-five from the provinces. Able Editors being, as a rule, very unable speakers, we have not read any of the speeches delivered on the occasion, but have looked for the objects of the Association to the resolutions adopted by it.

From these we infer that everything bearing at all upon the dignity and independence of the Press (the only matter of importance at the present moment) was carefully avoided, as being out of order.

The only resolution squinting even in this direction, was one on Greeley's favorite thesis (not very brilliantly illustrated in the *Tribune*), of editorial courtesy; and on this the assembled brethren expressed themselves in a mixed language, which we—the humblest of all Able Editors—cannot possibly understand, since it affirms (we quote verbatim) "that in the controversies "that may arise, political or otherwise, the personnel "of the editor should never be named, but ever sank "in his articles or public course."

To which of the Able Editors we are indebted for this brilliant and profoundly mysterious proposition, does not appear; but if he would only come to this city and open a school, in partnership with that distinguished pedagogue, Stephen H. Branch, for the teaching of editorial rhetoric, we have no doubt the enterprise would be attended with immense success.

The only clue we have to the kind of courtesy which the author of the resolution in question intended, is to be found in another resolution offered by our namesake of the Buffalo *Express*, to the mild effect, "That this "Convention *is* down on, and will continue to be down "on, all 'Rats,' who take legal and other advertisements at reduced rates, for the purpose of securing "business, wherever they may show themselves in the "State."

It is important, by the way, to observe that this subject of advertising was the only vital one that appears to have come up—the prevalent editorial opinion evidently being that a newspaper is an institution not for enlightening and guiding public opinion, nor even for the publication of useful intelligence, but for printing all kinds of advertisements (bogus, indecent, and other) that can be made to "pay."

Hence it was voted that for advertising patent medicines, the highest rates should be demanded (as a plaster for the editorial conscience, we presume); that for transient advertisements, concerts, theatres, etc., an advance of a quarter should be made on the regular rates; that in case of strangers, itinerating doctors, new advertising agencies seeking to advertise, satisfactory evidences, or advance payment, be invariably demanded, and that advertisers failing to pay be reported to the Secretary of this Association, and by him made known to all those present at this meeting; that members of the Association having met in practice, and by rumor [sic], with unfavorable competition in rates of advertising, at the hands of their brethren in Syracuse, it is strongly urged upon the press of that city to adhere fully and firmly to the schedule of prices adopted by the Association; that there be a strict adherence to remunerative prices, and a nearer approach to the cash system, by exacting prompt pay, believing long credit to be onerous to publishers; that the acknowledgments of the Association are eminently due to those members of the Legislature of this State who recognized, at the last session, the propriety and necessity of increasing the rates of legal advertising, and, as a matter of justice to the press of the State, put that recognition into practical effect by the passage of an act for that purpose, etc., etc., etc., ad nauseam, immediately after which the company was regaled, according to the *Post*, with "an oration by "Dr. Tuthill, of New York, and an oration by Anson "G. Chester, of Syracuse," which "were very clever "efforts, and were rewarded by applause, and a vote "of thanks;" and then "*festivities*" followed, and the Convention adjourned *sine de* [sic].

Now, in our humble opinion, the Able Editors might as well never have met. To suppose that any of them will adopt a new advertising policy (would to Heaven they would!) or give up being "Rats," or abstain from "naming each other's personnel" (whatever that means), or make any other changes, in consequence of having met together and pitched into Syracuse, and passed obscure resolutions, is of course absurd. What they most stand in need of—these Able Editors—is to stay at home and study their Grammars and their Bibles, in order that they may cease murdering the king's (or whoever) English, and give up the practice of selling themselves and their papers to political, medical, commercial, flash-journal, and other quacks—even at the "higher rates" recommended by the Legislature and the "New York State Editorial and Typographical Association."

When there is any number of journals in the State that even *pretend* to be independent; any number that can't be bought up at once by the first Barnum, Brandreth, Bonner, or Gayetty, that comes along; any number, in a word, that are not completely enslaved to their advertising columns—then it will be time enough for the Editors to meet in Convention and devise means of making still further improvements; but meanwhile we insist that the best thing to be done is, for the Editors ("Able" or other) to remain at home and follow the hints respectfully given them by THE SATURDAY PRESS.

P. S.—In looking over our exchanges we learn that "the address of the Honorable Frank Tuthill, of the "N. Y. *Times*, was appropriate to the occasion;" that "the poem from the ornate pen of Anson G. Chester, "Esq., adds another leaf to his well earned laurels in "the field of poetic effort:" and "places Mr. Chester "in the front rank of the Poets of the day;" that when the Convention "adjourned to the residence of "the President, hospitality awaited its members with "wide spread doors, generous hands, with a bountiful "supply of all that is good for man, with nothing to "tempt his appetite to evil excess:" that "the delegates "were quartered in three squads, at the Syracuse House, "the Globe, and the Voorhees, all quiet, cleanly, well-kept houses;" that "Mr. Chester is the brother to "the Rev. Dr. Chester, of Buffalo," and that "he "writes a sharp, nervous article on politics, but is evidently exactly at home when he strikes a literary "lead" (which looks like a very fine sentence, though we don't quite get at the meaning of it); that "the "*Syracuse Courier* was represented by Mr. D. J. Halsted, "the gentlemanly business man of the concern;" that "a popular singer of the vicinity prefaced, concluded, "and interjected the exercises with sundry capital "songs;" that Mr. Chester's poem (in addition to what is said of it above) was "a juicy spirited legend;" that "the number of presses represented was not as great "as might reasonably have been anticipated, from the "central point of the place of meeting, but it was considerably in excess of the attendance upon similar "conventions heretofore;" that "those who chose "spent the night in the mazes of the dance in company "with 'fair women and brave men;'" and, finally, that "the editorial fraternity present will not soon "forget the genial spirit of hospitality which surrounded "them during their brief stay in the City of Salt."

MR. DICKENS.

About a year ago there was a report that Mr. Dickens had some domestic trouble. It was a matter in which the public was not particularly interested. Mr. Dickens has the right that every man has, to arrange his private matters as best suits his ideas of right. If the press had so misrepresented the trouble, that he conceived it his duty to correct their statements, it might have been done simply and concisely—the more so, the better. A chivalrous man would have sought, in such an explanation, to defend the conduct of his wife, whatever it might have been, from public comment. Such a man could not forget that however he might feel towards her now, he had once loved her, and had taken her to protect through good and through evil report. Even Mr. Dombey hated that his wife should become towns-talk, and David Copperfield strove hard that Dora should not learn that he had become tired of her. But Mr. Dickens writes a letter to a friend, which "he is at liberty to publish," in which the testimony of a servant is brought forward, to prove that his wife had so shocking a temper, he could not live with her. This may be, or may not be true, but a gentleman would hardly have made such a charge, so substantiated. If a man and his wife find their tempers so incompatible that they cannot live together, they had better quietly separate, anything is better than to live a lie. But from Adam all men seem to have inherited the tendency to say "the woman whom Thou gavest me she tempted me." The public, however, showed signs of increasing wisdom in this matter of domestic troubles, and took very little notice of Mr. Dickens' matrimonial jar. The public is accustomed to such things. It has come to the conclusion that a man and his wife had better settle such matters between themselves, and the public shows that it is wiser and better bred than Mr. Dickens.

But, our author was not satisfied here. Messrs Bradbury and Evans did not publish his letter in *Punch*. No sensible men would have done so. Mr. Dickens, therefore, resolves to withdraw from *Household Words*, a work in which they had an interest. He does so, commences a new serial, and advertises that *Household Words* will be discontinued. This was hardly acting like a man of honor. It was only not dishonest enough to be a legal offence. Here, again, the public showed its good sense. Mr. Dickens, whatever he may be in private life, writes good stories, makes a good and interesting serial, and the public supports it to the extent, it is said, of 130,000 already. We do not look on this support as an endorsement of Mr. Dickens' conduct in either of the affairs above alluded to. We think it is simply a recognition of the fact that a man's private character is of no concern to the public, in a matter where its interests are not affected, and further, that the public takes no interest in the details of private scandal, where only private interests are involved. To free the public from the annoyance of an immense amount of unsolicited, and undesired confidence, it only remains that the large class of persons who desire publicity, on any terms, should become well aware of this fact, and act upon it.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

The fifth meeting of this society was held at the Cooper Institute, on Monday evening last, the President, Prof. JOHN W. DRAPER, occupying the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the report of the Standing Committee on the admission of new members, was read and adopted. On motion of Mr. Seely, Mr. T. F. Hardwick, Professor of Photographic Chemistry, in King's College, London, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the society. On motion of Mr. S. D. Tillman, the order of proceedings was changed so as to allow the general discussion to follow the reading of each paper. The first paper presented, was by Dr. L. Reuben "On the visibility of the blood-discs in the human eye." The article was a long and able exposition of the various methods by which the forms and motions of the internal blood-vessels of the eye *could be perceived by the eye itself*. It is evident that this is the only case in which the minute blood-discs can be seen without the aid of a microscope. The subject is one of very general interest, and it is hoped Dr. Reuben's paper will soon appear in print. In the discussion which followed, Mr. Campbell confirmed the observations of Dr. Reuben, by his own. Mr. Tillman remarked there was danger of confounding various ocular illusions with the curious phenomena detailed by Dr. Reuben, and, as the President had given especial attention to the physiology of the eye, the meeting would, doubtless, be glad to hear his opinion. In responding, Prof. Draper said: Ten or fifteen years ago, a lady of this city, announced in the *Philosophical Magazine*, the fact that the eye can see itself, but the vision is not of the ordinary kind. In ordinary vision, light from objects enters the eye and depicts an image on the retina. But, in the phenomena described by Dr. Reuben, there was no image on the retina. The nerves of the eye seemed to be sensitive to the heat generated by motion, they absorb it as a dark coat will absorb the sun's rays, and thus the impression is conveyed to the brain; so the blood-discs may be *perceived* through the visual organs, yet not *seen* in the ordinary sense in which we use the term.

Mr. C. A. Seely read a paper entitled "Printing in the Dark and Moser's Images," in which he attempted to show that Niepce de St. Victor's experiments of "bottled light," which of late have attracted very general attention in Europe, and Moser's Images could be made without the agency of any light whatever. Mr. Seely exhibited a specimen illustrating the action of ordinary photographic paper which had been in contact with printed paper for about two weeks, entirely excluded from the light. This paper gave rise to considerable discussion. Dr. Vanderweyde, Mr. Stetson, Mr. Snelling, and others, expressed the opinion that the experiment had not been performed with sufficient precaution, and joined in the request that Mr. Seely would make many repetitions, carefully excluding inks containing oils.

Dr. John C. Draper read a paper on the "Determination of the Diurnal amount of Light by the precipitation of Gold," in which he showed that a solution of the peroxulate of iron, after brief exposure to the light, is capable of precipitating gold from the chloride of gold, and that the precipitation will be in proportion to the time of the exposure, and the amount of actinic force employed. The Doctor exhibited the instrument he had used for calculating the daily power of the sun, which, to secure uniformity of action, was always exposed to light from the North. The experiments of one hundred days had shown great variations in the chemical rays, the diurnal range of ratio extending from *seven* to *fifty-six*. Two vials of the solution of the peroxulate of iron were exhibited. One had been exposed to light, and the other had not. On the addition of the gold solution, no effect was visible in the one, while in that which had been exposed to light a copious dark precipitate was instantly seen. The experiments and paper were received with evident marks of approbation.

Mr. Tillman expressed his gratification on the exhibition of this new photometer. It was an instrument greatly needed by the natural philosopher, as well as by the practical photographer. The form in which it is now presented adapts it to the use of the great army of observers who report diurnal changes; but a modification of it can be made, by which the photographer may tell with certainty the amount of actinic power in a given time, and regulate his "exposures" accordingly. It is well known that the various instruments used in meteorology indicate and record constant changes, but they do not give *the mean results*—these are the work of calculation; but in the instrument now shown, the chemical power expended during the whole day is summed up and ascertained by *weight*, and not, as in other cases, by volume or by lineal measurement. It was true this meter only indicated the chemical power of the sunbeam, but the accuracy of modern observation demanded this, and two more, to measure severally the calorific and colorific rays. Mr. Tillman had been deeply interested in the late investigations of Professor Müller, in relation to the heat rays of the decomposed sunbeam. While it was shown that vibrations of the heat waves, within the visible solar spectrum, were embraced in less than an octave, those without it extended, probably, to four octaves. More delicate instruments than Nobili's thermo-multiplier, even, are now required to bring within the range of measurement the hidden powers of the spectrum. In answer to inquiries whether the solutions became less efficient by use, Dr. Draper remarked that if used in sufficient strength, there was no perceptible deterioration as the action proceeded. Professor Hedrick and Mr. Garbanati expressed strong approval of the new instrument on account of its power of estimating intensity.

Dr. Vanderwyde, after explaining the advantages of the instrument, spoke of the great difference in the quality of light in different latitudes and countries.

Mr. Snelling said, as we go South the chemical rays of light deterioriate. In Central America, the photographer finds great difficulty in getting any picture at all. Mr. Snelling exhibited a beautiful photograph *on ordinary printing paper*, which he had sised with a solution of gum dammara in rectified naptha. The process promises to be of great utility, and was received with strong marks of approval by the meeting.

Mr. Stetson had brought to the Society an instrument to illustrate a new application of photography to determining *latitude at sea*, but owing to the lateness of the hour, it was proposed to postpone the exhibition until the next meeting. The President remarked that it was a subject of great importance, and would then have precedence in the order of business.

Mr. Tillman said as all phenomena and effects appertaining to light and color came within the range of discussion, he could not even at this late hour refrain from saying a word about Church's celebrated painting of "Niagara Falls." Every one who has seen it has been struck with the wonderful rainbow which spans the abyss. Some had even *preferred it to the original*. It is indeed "a bow of promise" to those who strive for fine artistic effect. English critics have pronounced the optical illusion connected with it entirely accidental. He would propose this bow as a theme for future discussion, only remarking now, that in all mooted questions relating to Sound and Color, the Man of Genius and the Man of Science would arrive at the same conclusions by very different methods—one is drawn involuntarily forward by the mysterious affinity which waits on the harmony of vibrations, while the other pushes himself to the same point by the slower force of numerical calculation. Mr. Tillman concluded with a motion to adjourn to the second Monday in July next.

The Greek Testament. By Henry Alford, B.D. In 4 vols. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 835. Harper & Brothers.

It will be conceded that the chief object in sending forth a new edition of the New Testament is to supply, so far as possible, the deficiencies of previous editions. Though there have been many Texts recognised as standards, yet these differ considerably when compared with each other, as well as when compared with the Textus Receptus. The Textus Receptus, or Received Text, was the name applied to the second Elsevir edition of the Greek Testament, published at Leyden in 1633, and founded on a comparison of the third edition of Robert Stephens (1550), which latter edition was founded on the fifth edition of Erasmus (1535), with the editions of Beza. The term Received Text probably arose from an expression occurring in the preface to the Elsevir edition: "Textum ergo habes nunc "ab omnibus receptum, in quo nihil immutatum aut corruptum damus."

The Received Text is considered of little weight as critical authority, and many of the editions in common use are little more than reprints from Griesbach, who, although sound in his canons for the revision of the text, frequently fails in his application of them, or else makes the application so vague as to confuse rather than to edify.

Mr. Alford's edition is founded on the collations of Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, the last of which three writers he has followed most closely. The author is perhaps a little in fault in placing Tischendorf above Lachmann, for the method pursued by the latter is less complex, and therefore of more practical value, than the method followed by Tischendorf.

The typographical method of Mr. Alford, for pointing out the authority for the different readings of the text, is very perfect, though it seems to us that he has crowded his margin with too many references to writers whose works are not readily attainable, and so cannot be consulted for the purpose of verifying the quotations. We have been unable to follow closely through the Prolegomena, in which, among other matters, Mr. Alford treats of the authorship of the Gospels; but we have seen enough to convince us that, with all his learning, he is sometimes a little lame in his conclusions, and in a future notice of the work we shall endeavor to give the grounds of this opinion.

Apart from these slight objections, the work is a very valuable one, and will be eagerly sought for by scholars. Its typographical execution is beyond all praise. The publishers have evidently been to immense trouble and expense in procuring the Greek characters which, in a work of this kind, must be absolutely of the best quality.

It has been a great objection to most of our editions of the Greek Testament, that the type and press-work have been very imperfect. With the work in question happily no such fault can be found. In a critical examination of some dozen pages we have been unable to discover a single instance in which even a Greek accent was wrong; and we have at our elbow six other editions of the Testament, in which we have marked errors which no careful and scholarly proof-reader would have allowed to pass. Now, if it be fair to judge the execution of a whole volume from a minute and laborious investigation of some dozen pages, we may safely commend the work before us to the attention of all who demand, not only beauty and distinctness of typography, but critical exactness in all the details belonging to a work of so much importance.

LETTER FROM OWEGO.

OWEGO, June 13, 1859.

My Dear Editor:—Thinking that a few lines from this section might not be uninteresting to your numerous readers, I have embarked on an unknown sea of ink to give you some notion of the country, people, and customs, that are to be found on the shores of the Susquehanna, in the quiet vale of Ahwaga.

Owego—or Ahwaga (the more melodious Indian name)—is situated at the confluence of the Ahwaga River and the Susquehanna. It is not a deep vale, shut out by "Alpine hills from the rude world," nor is it "margined by fruits of gold, and whispering myrtles," but it will compare favorably with the far-famed vale of Como, in diversity and changing beauty of scenery. Standing in the cemetery, which is picturesquely situated on a high knoll near the confluence of the streams, you command a view of the village, and of the valleys of the two rivers for several miles. Four miles to the East, you catch a view of the waters of the Susquehanna, as they first enter the Ahwaga valley, glimmering like broken pieces of silver among the foliage. On the Northern side, a tongue of rolling high land slopes away heavenward. It is highly cultivated, and with its young, springing herbage, and its velvet carpet of vivid greensward, makes up a lovely pastoral picture. Not four hundred feet over to the Southern side of the stream, the scene is entirely changed. The mountain comes down, almost perpendicularly, to the water, and its sides are grim with black hemlocks and gloomy pines. On one side you behold gushing springs and velvet lawns, and you hear the rippling of pleasant waters, and the joyous carol of birds; on the other you see fallen hemlocks, and shrubless craigs, and you hear the melancholy pipe of some misanthropic thrush, the cry of a solitary loon, and the dull, leaden sound of water dripping from some more covered crevice in the granite.

Leaving this, the river sweeps on toward the setting sun, now curving into graceful lines, now laving the base of some rocky knoll, now laughing among joyous meadows, now almost cut in two by some protruding tongue of richly cultivated high land, now glancing among the hedge rows, trellised vines, and neat cottages of the Hamlet of Fir Croft,

"Sweet Fir Croft, nestling at the feet
Of uplands ever green,"

now looped to the hilltops by the silver cord of a bright tributary, and now bursting through a mountain, and chafing and roaring between walls of granite. Far to the West, it rolls on among the blue hilltops, ever beautiful, and ever changing in its beauty.

At the confluence of the two rivers, a small island is set in the bosom of the waters, with a few trees upon it, reminding one of those lines in the Prisoner of Chillon:

"And there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor:
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

Every inch of the Ahwaga Valley is historically sacred. It was here that Tayandanaga, or Brant, the war-chief of the Mohawks, marshalled his warriors, preparatory to his descent on Wyoming. There is an old sycamore still standing, much hacked and cut, around which they performed their war-dance, previous to the massacre. Up and down the valley he raged like a tiger at bay, when Sullivan came up with his army to revenge Wyoming. He disputed every inch of ground, and only yielded when the junction was formed between Sullivan and Clinton. The manner in which this junction was made is worthy of note. Sullivan, as you will recollect, came up the river from the bay, and Clinton was sent across to Otsego Lake, the head of the Susquehanna. Clinton arrived there in a dry time, and found the river so low that he was unable to navigate it in his bateaux, as he had intended. He therefore dammed up the river near where it issues from the lake, and having obtained sufficient head of water, tore away his dam, and came down on an artificial freshet. You can imagine the astonishment and dismay of the poor Indians when they saw the river rising without rain, and beheld the bateaux full of armed white men, and heard the stirring notes of Yankee Doodle.

In regard to the inhabitants of Ahwaga, what can be said that will be believed, coming from a person as partial and interested as the subscriber? Their hospitality is beyond a question, for they once put up with an English Count for two weeks, without tar and feathering him. Their religion has got the true ring, for their ministers are not skeletons; and their intelligence is beyond a question, for they take some hundred copies of THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS. If any of you Spruce street Traglodites do not believe all this, we ask of you to wash the ink from off your middle fingers, shake the editorial dust off your shoes, *in-car*-cerate your pen-worn *carcases* on the Erie Railroad, and come and see us. You will find that the word "stranger," in the Ahwaga Valley, "is a holy name."

With a country beautiful beyond comparison; with a climate renowned for health and long life; with inhabitants hospitable and refined; with streams full of trout, and woods of game; with a hotel the best in Western New York, fit even for a Fifth avenuer, and with a host and hostess that can do that wonderful thing, "keep a hotel," why should not Ahwaga become a rival to Saratoga and the Adirondacks, in the estimation of your careworn overtaxed Gothamite? In my next, I will give you some account of the ravages of the great frost, and some account and statistics in regard to a remarkable person called the great Euchre King.

For the present, good-by. A.

— Mr. Redfield publishes to-day his elegant edition, in blue and gold, of the poetical works of Edgar A. Poe, with a memoir and portrait.

— A new French paper called *L'Epoque*, and edited by Mons. Edward Farrence, made its appearance in the city to-day. In the coming political struggle, it will take sides with the Republicans. It will doubtless be a very entertaining sheet.

— Mr. Frederick A. Brady, 126 Nassau street, announces his intention to republish *Once a Week*—the new illustrated periodical about to be started in London, by Bradbury & Evans, to take the place of *Household Words*. The first number will appear on or about the 15th of next month.

— Persons interested in the discourses of Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, the celebrated English Divine, will be pleased to learn that he has made arrangements with the *New York Waverley* to correct and revise them, every week, expressly for that sheet.

— A new work is announced in Paris, entitled "Rachel, Peinte par Elle-même" [Rachel depicted by Herself]. It is to consist of three hundred of her hitherto unpublished letters, which will be printed entire and without comment. *Figaro*—a Paris journal—after saying that "there will be very piquant revelations in "the book, and a good deal of esprit, not to say beaucoup d'orthographe," gives the following extract from one of the letters, written in Rome:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—While walking in the Pope's garden, the other day, my little Jewish instincts suddenly broke out, and I stole four oranges: I cannot excuse myself for the act except by sending you one of them."

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Meteorological.

"It's bilin' hot," remarked Awful Jefferson to the subscriber, on Wednesday, the fifteenth day of this blessed month. Awful, like the man who exhibited the elephant, has been playing "Our American Cousin" so long that he is in outward characteristics eligible to a seat at the Boston Board of Brokers, or in the Massachusetts Legislature. So Awful said it was "bilin' hot," which is the rural New England expression. And "bilin' hot" it was. Too hot to go to the theatre, too hot to write Feuilletons, too hot to do anything but recline in the shade and drink champagne-cobblers.

Yet the actors must act, and the Feuilletons must be writ.

Hot as it is, there is still a certain number of persons who adhere to Art with the most charming devotion.

Among them is the regular theatrical flaneur, who could not keep out of a theatre to save his life, although he knows every wrinkle in the soubrette's face, every ankle in the ballet, every joke in the comedian's répertoire.

Then there are the ladies and gentlemen from the interior, "all over our glorious kedentry, from the "sap-logs of Eastport to the Deringers of San Diego." Some of them love Art better than they do soap and water, the ladies exude patchouli in gusts, and the gentlemen savor of the Virginian weed and the Kentuckian whiskey in equal parts.

Then, at the bottom of the list, comes the country-actor, enjoying his congé in the metropolis. He, too, has a lofty contempt for Croton, externally or internally. His linen betrays want of confidence on the part of the laundress. There is no CELESTIN for that rusty beard, no artist for the restoration of those groggy boots. The black frock-coat buttoned to the chin with the thermometer at 90°, the air of assumed jauntiness and a beery suggestiveness about the outer man, make up the tout ensemble of the provincial actor. In the theatre he looks at the performance with calm superciliousness. While Smith is rousing the house to enthusiasm by his terrible denunciation of the villain who would seduce a freeholder's child, or Brown provoking peals of laughter by some funniment, the country-actor regards the audience with mild pity, not unmixed with scorn. "This is what "they call acting in New York. *I'd* like to have a "chance at them, *then* they'd see what acting *really* is." Sometimes he does get a chance, and they don't see it.

And is it for such as these, my editor, that I must write? The flaneur will say it is bad enough to go to the theatre, without being compelled to read about it. The ladies and gentlemen from the Provinces are not for me, or I am not for them (de gustibus, etc.); and the Provincial actor says, "What a——blessed fool "that fellow is; he don't know good acting from a "row of pins. I do. I'd like to get a chance in the "papers."

However, here goes for

The new Prima Donna.

There has been a great row, in the papers and elsewhere, because the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association and the début of Madame la Comtesse de Ferussac (née Thorn), didn't attract over five hundred people—stockholders, free-list, and all—to the Academy of Music on Tuesday night. The *Times* and the *Tribune* abuse the public for not coming on this occasion. The *Herald* laughs at the whole affair, and the manager polishes off the lady-patronesses in a rather sharp card. The amiable director accuses these Upper Forty-nine of making false representations to him, whereby he is a loser to the extent of $878 (eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars), ['Cré nom! Is there so much money in the world for anybody to lose?] and suggests that when they next have an attack of philanthropy they shall pay for it out of their own pin-money.

Now, so far as the lady-patronesses are concerned, Strakosch is right. Beyond lending their names, they took no interest in the matter. They were willing to help Madame de Ferussac to a début, which was all she desired, and they did not care much for the Hospital—less for the manager; if they had, they would have pursued the usual plan, and carried the war into the enemy's country. Heavy Cavalry, in the shape of grizzly dowagers, would have charged upon the Banks and Bankers in Wall street. The Light Artillery of young brides would have played unceasingly upon Beaver street and lower Broadway. The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Enfer, married coquettes and piratical widows, would have carried the enemy's outposts and picked off his officers. The Light Infantry and Bread and Butter Brigade would have met him with the bayonet over the breakfast-table or at the threshold of the drawing-room. No man's porte-monnaie would have been safe for a moment.

But no. Nobody cared about the matter, and so it was a fizzle. Then, too, it was whispered about that the débutante was never handsome, and was no longer young. This, alas! was too true. Madame de Ferussac must have been born before the great fire, when all the ladies in society first opened their eyes on this mundane sphere.

And I don't think the public is so much to blame, after all.

The public is good enough. It supports hospitals enough. Without doubt it will support the Woman's Hospital. But is there any moral obligation for a man to go to the opera on a hot night, and be bored, for a charitable purpose?

Does not the charity in this case begin at home?

It strikes me that it begins and stays there.

As for Madame la Comtesse, she has a light and very sweet voice, hardly powerful enough for the Academy. At times, she could scarcely be heard. The opera—the *Puritani*—is a very difficult one, as all the work for the prima donna comes at once. Still Madame managed to get through it creditably. She has been well taught, and sung with taste and always in tune.

I do not think that her voice is sufficient to command success; and, to speak mildly, she has no other recommendation.

Well, as you go to press, Mr. Strakosch is getting ready for his benefit and the end of his season, which expires with the Matinée to-day. Cortesi in Norma, and Cortesi in the Poliuto, ought to draw in spite of any kind of weather. And Strakosch ought to have a good benefit, and you ought to go. Don't you think so?

The Florences.

This "happy, happy pair," have commenced a Summer season at Wallack's, and, in a pecuniary point of view, are making a good thing of it.

I can't say that I admire, nor that I positively dislike, the rather remarkable style of entertainment which these indefatigable young people get up between them.

The speciality seems to be the plays for Mrs. Florence. These are sketches wherein the actress does all sorts of things—dances, sings, appears in any quantity of characters, good and bad, nautical and piratical—and all for no especial purpose, so far as the play is concerned. While the marvellous female is metamorphosing herself, somebody must keep the stage occupied. There is always a romantic young man, in a black coat and a fancy scarf, who is the victim of the soubrette, and a servant speaking some outlandish tongue, who is her confederate. This servant is Mr. Florence, and he plays his difficult part admirably.

Mrs. Florence's theory is apparently the following:

Here are some people who expect to be amused. Here is a play which is stupid to an unheard-of extent. Here is an actress who is pretty, and looks jolly. That's one point, and a great one gained. Now it is for me to make these people happy, and to display my whole battery for that purpose.

And she "goes and does it." She goes in, con amore, horse, foot, and dragoons. You can't stand it. You must laugh. I did, and I make it a rule never to laugh at any jokes but my own, (that's to be sure of one audience at least). I used to try them on A. M., but the Brightest was the dullest in that connection.

Well, then, Mrs. Florence has success. She's the nearest approach to a real Déjazet-soubrette that I have seen here. She belongs to the people, and they understand her, because she understands them, speak their own language, slang and all.

"Adelaide and Joey."—Bis.

The Misses Gougenheim have produced, at Laura Keene's, a burlesque of Cinderella, said to be by Brough. It was evidently written for the London market, and has been altered for this locality. As usual, the American Editor has cut out all the jokes, and inserted some little things of his own, which are not funny, although evidently intended to be. The acting was better than the play. Nearly everybody was good, and the lengthier Gougenheim very excellent in Cinderella. "Joey" played the Prince, and played him a good deal too much. "Joey" must tone down a little. Quiet humor, dry wit, is always more effective than boisterous attempts at fun. It is eminently Miss Gougenheim's style, and the highest compliment I could pay her, would be to say that she had never diverted from it.

Now she will make me the most abject of her serfs by returning to it.

Pleasant Novelties for Hot Weather.

At the Metropolitan, the entrance to which has a very bowery appearance, they are doing the old comedies—toujours perdrix—the Rivals, the Poor Gentleman, and so on, and I can't stand them just now. That's not so bad as Niblo's, where—mirabile dictu!—they have three great American actors (Davenport, Eddy, and Perry) playing in Julius Cæsar. Heavens, what an idea! Until the programmes are changed, I shall adhere to chocolate-ice—that is if the word "adhere" can be used properly now.

Personal.

Whiskers has been engaged lately in studying the Code with a view to obtain an answer to the following knotty question: Suppose a man wants to call out another man, and don't want him to come out, and the probabilities are that he will come, what's the first named man to do? None of the Crimean fellows have been able to answer.

Anna Maria will shortly make her last appearance between these leaves, at least for the present. She and her ma are getting ready for the watering-place season, and the dear child has already reduced several dressmakers to the very verge of insanity. To those who are anxious to ascertain the identity of A. M., I would say that they may find her at any watering place by selecting the prettiest, the best dressed, and the cleverest New York girl in what Mr. Thomas Moore calls "the gay throng."

Frezzolini and the Chevalier Fullerini arrived by the *Fulton*. I suppose that Frez. will put Gassier's pipe out, and go to Havana with Maretzek.

Bateman the Bold has engaged Mrs. Matilda-Heron-Stoepel to be his slave for two years. Together they are going all around the earth, on a wild hunt for specie. Bateman will stir up the provincials and foreigners with a stick sharpened at both ends.

Mme. Gazzaniga and Mme. Cortesi will both sing for the benefit of the Italian Fund next Wednesday. In the morning, Gazzaniga in the *Trovatore*; in the evening, Cortesi in the *Poliuto*.

Mrs. Hoey has been playing in Boston, at the Museum. The Athenian youth who "do up" the "locals" of the papers, are condescendingly kind to her. The gorgeousness of her apparel rather astonishes them.

John Brougham's new play is to be given at the Metropolitan on Monday. Thanks for something new.

The Literature of the Coulisses.

I submit, with the same gratification that I would offer the best mots of the season, the subjoined "Cards." The first is from some indignant, because unpaid, Gallic artists, and the second from a manager who has been the victim of an aristocratic swindle,—which is above referred to. Both refer to the main-spring of human affairs, the question d'argent:

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Herald:

Considering the new subscription organized by Mr. C. Sage, one of the managers of the French Company, with the intent of forming, partly, the French theatre for next season, the undersigned deem it their duty to publish the following:

Messrs. Widdows and C. Sage are insolvent, for we expect, without success, our payment. The subscribers, doubtlessly, will not aid, indirectly, these gentlemen in plunging French comedians, attracted by their fallacious promises, in the precarious position in which they, themselves, lay at this moment. The undersigned will prove, when needed (with the statement of the book-keepers, employés, etc., of the managers), that the receipts of the concern have by far exceeded the expenses, and that their non-payment from the management can only arise from an unmistakable bad gestion. The undersigned state, however, that they are ready to continue the performance of their duty, without, however, desisting in the pursuit of the satisfaction of their wrongs. The complete unanimity which presides over the redaction of these facts is a sure pledge of the veracity of this statement.

Paul Laba,	Eugénie Sen,
E. Bertrand,	Laurence Chevalier,
Emile Chevallier,	T. Montheaux,
E. Thiery,	A. Daire,
A. Tallot,	Louise Dubois,
Edgard,	Henry,
L. Callot,	P. Dupont,
Emile Dubois,	Léon,
Lagrange chef d'accessoires,	
A. Vaillant.	

The Strakosch Pronunciamento.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to state that the performance which was given at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association, was not only unproductive to to the funds of that deserving charity, but that it also resulted in a loss of over eight hundred dollars to the manager.

I feel called upon to make a brief statement of the facts connected with the management of the performance alluded to above:—

1. I have now under my management one of the finest opera companies in the world, led by two magnificent artists as *prime donne*. With Madame Cortesi and Madame Colson as my stars, and the artists joined with them, I have given the Opera to good and paying houses.

2. I was requested by several ladies occupying high positions in New York society, to join them in a benefit-performance for the Woman's Hospital. As the attraction on their part, they wished me to arrange for the *début* of a distinguished amateur—a lady of this city, who was presumed to have strong claims upon the public curiosity. She had kindly placed her services at the disposal of the committee for this occasion.

3. I remarked, incidentally, that the public of this city was not to be relied upon for the support of Amateurs, however distinguished; and that, such being the case, I thought I ought to have some guarantee for my expenses. Whereupon, the ladies replied that they would use all their influence in favor of the project, and so secure its pecuniary success. Further, it was suggested that if their names should appear as patronesses of the affair, there would be no doubt that an audience would be assembled which would be large enough to leave a handsome sum, after the expenses had been defrayed.

4. It was finally agreed that, although the expenses of the Opera under my management amount to $1,500 nightly, I should receive first but $1,000. The receipts, if any above that sum, were to be divided between the Hospital and myself, I taking the risk of the $500 expenses not secured, while the association, or the lady patronesses, assumed no hazard whatsoever.

5. The result was, that the gross receipts of Tuesday evening amounted to only $622; leaving me a loser to the extent of $878. Further, that the majority of the ladies whose names appeared in the advertisement, not only neglected to exert themselves to bring about a favorable result to my efforts, but did not lend their personal presence to an affair which they nominally patronized.

These facts for the public, to whom I, as every other manager, must look for support. To the charitably disposed, I would respectfully suggest a study of the plan pursued in the matter of benefits for the poor, by the aristocracy of the European capitals. The patronesses in those cities take as many as twenty, thirty, fifty, and sometimes one hundred tickets, pay for them, and sell them or give them away, thus providing something for the poor, and securing the manager, who is sometimes in even a worse condition, pecuniarily speaking, than the special objects of charity.

Regretting exceedingly, both on account of the Association and my own treasury, that the affair of Tuesday should have been so unproductive, I remain, the public's obedient servant, MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

Ye Able Editor,

Who never goes to theatre except to take a nap, or to see the Gauls devour a free-lunch between the acts, and who never makes his appearance at the Opera except as an act of gallantry and self-denial, objects to my printing the above "Cards," unless with a charge annexed of I forget how many coppers a line. Whereupon to punish ye said Editor for his presumption, I beg the Printer, out of his well known love for ye Undersigned, to print yet another of those fancy-documents—*que voici*.

A Card.

Mr. H. L. BATEMAN respectfully announces to the public and managers of theatres that he has concluded an engagement with

MRS. MATILDA HERON-STOEPEL

for a term of two years, during which period she will fulfill a series of farewell engagements in this country, and also appear in the chief cities of Great Britain, Ireland, Australia, &c., &c.

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has added to her former repertoire several original plays of powerful interest, calculated to exhibit her brilliant and peculiar genius in its loftiest type, and Mr. Bateman feels convinced that as she has achieved the highest position on the American Stage—conceded by the voice of the public and the critics of this country—she will have no difficulty in convincing the European literati of her claims to the laurel of the Queen of Tragedy. Managers desirous of arranging with Mr. Bateman for the services of Mrs. Stoepel, will address

H. L. BATEMAN,
No. 44 Great Jones street, New York.

Voila tout.

PERSONNE.

Love-Matters.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."—*Shakespeare.*

— Mrs. Gibbs of Richmond county, Ga., hanged her husband on the 6th inst., and thinks she did well. He was drunk, and she says he should be treated as a beast while he was drunk. We are not told the way she hanged him.

— A man by the name of Cole has been arrested at Montague, N. J., on the charge of having poisoned his wife to death during her confinement to child-bed. Facts have transpired which, it is alleged, show that Cole and his family physician, Doctor Wickham, had conspired to commit a horrible crime, and an insurance of four thousand dollars having been first obtained on the life of Mrs. Cole. Cole is in custody, but Dr. Wickham managed to escape.

— No little excitement has been created in Vermont by the elopement of a young miss, of Brandon, from the seminary, with a tin pedlar, who hailed from Rutland.

— Some time since the wife of Mr. Poulin, a merchant of St. Joseph, Mo., ran away with her husband's clerk, taking along a little daughter. The following letter, written by the woman to her husband, is published in the St. Joseph *Journal*. The girl Lucy, mentioned in the letter, is a servant belonging to Mr. Poulin, worth about $900, and the child which she proposes to exchange is her own, about four years of age.

Cincinnati, May 23, 1859.

Mr. Isadore Poulin:—Dear Sir,—I wish to write to you a few lines to give you some news of us, and to tell you that Eugenie speaks of you every day, and that she wants to go and see her Papa in the store, and she cries for her good Honorine and her black Lucy, every day. I hope you are not mad at me because I went away with Mr. Augusta. I am very happy with him; he treats me like a wife. I do not regret what I have done, for I am happy with him. I will tell you one thing, if you will give me Lucy, I will give you up Eugenie; if not, you cannot get her. If you are willing to do so, you can come yourself and get her. We will be glad to see you. I want you to write right away as soon as you get this letter; 'cause we might be gone from here if you wait too long. Direct your letter to Eugenie Poulin, Cincinnati, Ohio. Write right off. I cannot wait no longer than ten days. Mr. Augusta will write to you when we receive an answer from you. We are all well, and wish you the same. Kiss the children for me. MARY.

— In South Carolina, the road to matrimony is easy and inviting; there is no passage out of it but through the portals of the grave. An instance of divorce has never been known in South Carolina. It has been authoritatively settled that no judicial tribunal in the State, has authority to declare a decree of divorce for any cause whatsoever. If the power exists at all it is in the Legislature, which has hitherto never thought proper to exercise the power. Further, it has been determined by the Courts of South Carolina, that a marriage solemnized in that State is indissoluble by the sentence of any Court in a sister State, so as to affect the rights or condition of the parties in South Carolina. It will be seen, then, that it is much easier to tie the knot than to undo it. With rare exceptions, the ceremony of marriage is, in fact, performed by a clergyman; but the indissolubility of the marriage contract is not only part of the law, but is the fixed and habitual sentiment of the community on the subject of divorce.

— Mrs. Sophronia Randle, a married woman, eloped from a small town in Michigan, recently, with a young man named William Wightman. They stopped at a village near Chatham, C. W., where the young man was taken with brain fever, and died. The woman, possessing herself of what money the young man had left (which amounted to some few hundred dollars), returned to her husband and was forgiven by him. He proposes to open a grocery-store with the money secured by his wife!

— Last Sunday, a young and lovely girl, named Lovelace, residing near Falmouth, Kentucky, committed suicide by drowning herself in a small creek near that place. The following are the circumstances as related to us by a person who seemed to be thoroughly conversant with them:—A lover, with whom she had been acquainted during the greater part of her life, and to whom she was engaged to be married, some time since left for the Southern part of the State, where he became acquainted with, and soon after united himself to, quite a wealthy young lady, whose parents reside near Shepardsville. He informed his olden love of his new-found charmer, by letter, and she, immediately upon its receipt, threw herself into the liquid arms of this stream, as the only consolation she could receive upon having been torn from the arms of him to whom her young heart had given all the wealth of its affections.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

— The Kansas correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes:

"A resident of Kansas recently received a letter of inquiry from a citizen of Massachusetts, in regard to his (the latter's) absent wife. The lady had left her lord and master some months previous, and he knew her to be now residing in Kansas with her relatives; but he wished to ascertain whether she passed by her maiden or wedded name, and whether she had instituted proceedings for a divorce. The party to whom the inquiries were addressed investigated the matter, and a few day's since informed the astonished husband that she is now known in Kansas as Miss ——, and that for more than three months he has been *nolens volens* a divorced man! The recent Territorial Legislature passed a special act absolving both parties from the bonds of matrimony. At this rate, Kansas will soon become more popular than Indiana, as a refuge for those who find the ties of Hymen chains of iron, instead of silken cords."

— People who want cheap wives should go to Delaware. The *Georgetown Messenger* relates that one was sold in that State the other day for $7 and a "dog."

— At Oskaloosa, Iowa, a young woman, whose husband came home drunk the other day, took down an ox-goad, and chastised him most gloriously—until he promised not to do so again. He laid the blame upon a friend who asked him to drink. She then flogged him again for not having firmness to refuse.

— John Van Buren, counsel for Edwin Forrest, has applied for an order to send a commission to California to take testimony regarding the conduct and manner of life of the divorced wife of his client, during her residence there. The object is probably to effect in some way the matter of alimony which the decree of divorce requires Forrest to pay.

— Alfred Baker, a hotel clerk, was fined $10 and costs in Cincinnati, a few days since, for kissing a lady boarder without her consent.

— The *Milwaukee News* say that since Sickles shot Key, not less than thirty-four men have been shot, or shot at, by injured husbands, that we have account of.

A delinquent husband is thus advertised in Chautauque county, in this State, by his loving spouse:

Lost, strayed, or stolen, an individual whom, in an unguarded moment of loneliness, I was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good-looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offered her umbrella. Answered to the name of John. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking, his arm round her waist, looking more like a fool, if possible, than ever. Any one that will catch the poor fellow and bring him carefully back, so that I may chastise him for running away, will be asked to stay to tea by HENRIETTA SMITH.

— A mass Convention of Spiritualists is to be held at Berlin Heights (of Free Love notoriety) on the first, second, and third days of next month. Among the speakers announced are S. J. Finney, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Warren Chase, B. P. Barnum, and Mrs. S. E. Warner.

— Dr. A. Bastian, who has just published a book in Bremen on his visit in 1857 to San Salvador, the capital of Congo, says that the princesses of the Royal family enjoy remarkable privileges. They may make their selections of husbands from the nobles of the realm, and the happy men have to prepare themselves for their duties and their honors by several months of solitude. To insure conjugal fidelity—not on the part of the wife, who enjoys the greatest freedom—but on the part of the husband, whenever he leaves the house tamtams are beaten before him, and at the sound of them all women must hasten out of the way.

— On Monday, a young woman went to the station house, and asked to be given a home. She was very reluctant to give her name, but finally gave that of Smith, saying that she resided in Sixth Avenue. She had had trouble with her husband, and desired to live with him no longer. After a little while she asked for a bed, saying that she felt very drowsy. Captain Carpenter suspected that she had taken an opiate, and sent for Dr. Ranney, to whom she confessed that she had drank two ounces of laudanum. Remedies were applied, and by six o'clock the influence of the drug was overcome, when she was sent home in a coach under the escort of a policeman.

— We are reliably informed, says the Augusta *Dispatch*, that a Mrs. Holroyd, wife of Mr. Wm. Holroyd, a well known and worthy engineer on the Georgia Railroad, eloped from Atlanta last Monday night, with a Mr. Tomlinson, a salesman in a dry goods store of Mr. M. Myers, taking $3,000 in cash, being the earnings of Mr. Holroyd, saved by years of industry and economy.

— We hear, says the London *Court Journal*, of another separation, purely from "incompatibility," the husband being a litterateur of some note, and the wife being a lady of remarkable beauty.

Literary Notes.

— The hitherto unpublished correspondence of Mme. du Deffand is announced, with a prefatory notice by Marguerite de St. Aulaire.

Madame du Deffand was the old French lady who, at sixty, and blind, carried on a love-correspondence with Horace Walpole. Her maiden name was Mlle. de Chamrond. Born in 1697, she lived through almost the whole of the eighteenth century, dying in 1780. Her letters, found among Horace Walpole's papers, were first published in London in 1810, and republished in Paris in 1811, 1812, and 1824.

— Dr. Charles Mackay is about to commence the publication of a paper in London, and has engaged several Americans to contribute to its columns. The doctor has just finished a new poem, in six cantos, entitled "A Man's Heart," which will soon appear. The Messrs. Harper are about to publish, in a handsome volume, Mackay's new work on America, the early sheets of which they have already received.

— E. P. Whipple, of Boston, officiates as Orator on the occasion of the Commencement of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, and T. B. Aldrich, of New York, as Poet. The services will take place on the twentieth of this month.

— Trow's New York City Directory, compiled by H. Wilson, for the year ending May 1, 1860, was published last Monday. It presents 147,325 names, being 7,521 more than in the issue for 1859. The usual general information appears in the appendix.

— Mr. Henry Kingsley, the author of The Recollections of Geoffrey Hamilton, is the younger brother of Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of Alton Locke, Hypatia, etc.

— Letters received from Mr. Hawthorn, state that his daughter, Miss Una Hawthorn, has so far recovered from her late severe illness, that the family expected to leave Rome on the 25th of May.

— J. T. Headley has been appointed by the Associated Press, their especial correspondent at the seat of war in Italy.

— The "*Courant*, a Southern literary journal," asks the following pertinent question: "Why will Southerners continue to purchase the poisonous publications of the North, when healthy and vigorous Southern Journals are in the field?" The best answer, we think, is in the sentence the *Courant* has taken for its motto: "*Sic vos non vobis.*"

— A Paris correspondent of the London *Star*, under date of May 28th, says:

Thursday was a great field day for the Academy. The reception of Jules Sandeau into the bosom of that venerable corps, occupied every savant throughout the capital. The ceremony was most brilliant, and if M. Jules Sandeau be not pleased, both with the quantity and quality of the flattery administered to him by M. Vitet, he must have a gluttonous appetite indeed for that delicious sweetmeat. The anticipation that the novel of "Marianna" would form the subject of criticism in the *discours de reception*, has given great uneasiness to George Sand and her friends, rendering this reception one of the most interesting of its kind which has ever been witnessed. This novel is known to be the history of the loves of George Sand and Jules Sandeau, and it was expected that M. Vitet would openly condemn this system of arriving at popularity by records of personal experience. But to the astonishment of all, the orator expatiated with more admiration upon this very one of Sandeau's works than on any other, pointedly referring to every incident familiar to the Paris world, as having marked the stormy epoch of the loves of the two poets, whose [illegible] were blended, bestowing unbounded praise on the author's bold condemnation of female crime, and lauding to the skies the dénouement which exhibits Madame [illegible] a victim to that ennui which must ensue on the satiety consequent upon unlawful love.

Advertisements.

N. B.—No arrangement of any kind can be made for editorial notices of articles advertised in The Saturday Press. Such notices may appear, but they will, in all cases, be purely voluntary, and will be favorable or unfavorable, according to the opinion of the Editor, who recognizes no relation whatever between the editorial and the business departments of the paper. This notice becomes necessary from the fact that respectable houses are constantly sending us elaborately prepared puffs, which they expect us to insert—according to the custom of other journals—as expressing the views of the Editor.

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Ten cents a line for the first two insertions.
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NOTICE.

Advertisements should be sent in, if possible, before Thursday night; the paper goes to press Friday noon.

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II.
JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.
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"Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion," "The Head of the Family," "Nothing New," &c., &c.
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"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man, a Christian gentleman; and it abounds in incident, both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability—better than any former work, we think, of its deservedly successful author. There is much delicate pathos, there are charming touches of nature scattered about. The picture of the two friends in youth, the manly and strong John Halifax, the wealthy Phineas, is new in many of its features, and not only new but beautiful."—[Examiner.

"'John Halifax' is a picture drawn with a masterly hand, of one of nature's gentlemen. Everybody who reads a novel should read this one."—[Critic.

"If the delineation of the grand in character, the glorious in action, the tender in feeling, the pure in heart, can bestow eminence on production, this work must take its place among the standard and the excellent."—[Sun.

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Saturday, June 18, 1859.
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Signora ADELAIDE CORTESI
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Signor AMODIO,
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IL POLIUTO, or I MARTIRI.

Signora Cortesi	as	Pauline.
Signor Brignoli	as	Polyutus.
Signor Amodio	as	Severus.
Signor Barili	as	Felix.

The opera will be produced with a
MAGNIFICENT ENSEMBLE.
NEW AND SPLENDID SCENERY,
painted expressly for the work by Signor Calyo, pupil of Allegri.
NEW AND CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES.
In the first act,
INTERIOR OF THE CATACOMBS.
In the second act,
The Triumphal Entrance of SEVERUS into Mitylene, with a
GRAND ARC DE TRIOMPHE.
FULL MILITARY BAND ON THE STAGE.
In addition to the
GRAND ORCHESTRA,
Mr. APTOMMAS, the celebrated harpist, has been engaged for the accompaniments on his instrument.
CONDUCTOR, - - MAX MARETZEK.
Admittance to all parts of the Academy $1. No reserved seats.
For the convenience of ladies, tickets for the Matinee ($1 each) may be had at the following places:—Academy of Music, Root, Anthony & Co.'s, 16 Nassau street; St. Nicholas Hotel, Union Place Hotel, Lafarge House, Hall & Son's, Broadway; Scharfenberg & Luis, C. Breusing, Astor House, Everett House, Prescott House, Clarendon. Nunns & Clark's, Christern's bookstore, Covenhoven's, 856 Broadway.
Brooklyn—Ross's bookstore, 14 Fulton street; Walker's 213 Fulton street. Tickets will likewise be for sale at the entrance door of the Academy, for which especial purpose four additional ticket offices will be opened.
The doors will be opened at 12 1-4; the Matinee will commence at 1 o'clock, precisely. The entre acts will be of short duration, so that visitors from the country may be in time for the railroads and steamboats.
THERE WILL BE NO RESERVED SEATS.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST.
Dodworth's Rooms.
MR. STEPHEN MASSETT
WILL GIVE A
MATINEE
On SATURDAY, the 18th inst., at
2 O'CLOCK!
On which occasion he will have the honor of repeating his much admired entertainment of
"SONGS AND CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL IN MANY LANDS."
And of introducing, for the first time in New York, the thrilling scene of the
"DEATH OF POOR JOE!"
From Bleak House.
Tickets, 50 cents, to be had at the door; also at WM. HALL & SONS, and of FIRTH, POND & Co.
Doors open at 1 p. m. To commence at 2 o'clock.

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Hosiery,
Undergarments, and
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A. RANKIN & CO,
SUCCESSORS TO
UNION ADAMS
No. 637 BROADWAY,
Four doors below Bleecker street, and at the Old Stand,
No. 96 BOWERY.
Invite attention to the largest and most complete stock of these goods to be found in this country.
Dealing in these goods EXCLUSIVELY,
IMPORTING DIRECTLY,
and MANUFACTURING EXTENSIVELY,
we are able to sell the best goods at prices commonly paid for inferior qualities.
Goods shown freely. The lowest price asked, and money cheerfully refunded.
CALL, EXAMINE AND COMPARE.
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1823.

MANAGED BY LADIES.
REMOVAL.
MRS. VAN HOUTON (for 9 years past at 82 Nassau st.), now at 72 NASSAU STREET, corner of John street. More spacious rooms, and a largely increased stock. The entire business being under her immediate supervision, is a guarantee of excellence and promptness in filling all orders, whether in person or by letter. Special inducements to all gentlemen who desire Shirts, Collars, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, etc. Call and learn her prices. Shirts, from $2 to $20. Remember the number,
72 NASSAU STREET,
corner of John street, New York.

DELANO
LIFE-PRESERVING COAT & VEST CO.
INCORPORATED JAN., 1859.—CAPITAL, $125,000.
PATENT GRANTED NOVEMBER 9, 1858.
Manufacturers of all kinds of
LIFE-PRESERVING GARMENTS
FOR ORDINARY WEAR,
SAFETY BATHING DRESSES,
CHILDREN'S SWIMMING JACKETS, ETC.,
OFFICE AND SALESROOM, 256 BROADWAY
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MISCELLANEOUS.

A. W. FABER'S LEAD PENCILS.
Sold at Retail by all Stationers.
At Wholesale Only, by
EBERHARD FABER, Sole Agent,
133 William St., N. Y.

For the New York Saturday Press.

LOST.

BY BARRY GRAY.

'Tis years since I parted from Barbara—
The woman I loved so well—
And every hour has been to me
More bitter than tongue can tell.
I have sought the darkness, and fled the light,
And wept in my deep despair:
I have cursed the day that she crossed my path—
That creature—so frail! so fair!

I met her poor daughter again to-day,—
Her daughter, but not my child—
Who, though she possesses her mother's looks,
Has another's, which drive me wild.
I know it is so—don't tell me I err—
That fancy distorts the truth—
That 'twas false of mine whom I cast aside,
With the wife I'd wed in youth—

That I was a simple and jealous brute,
And gave my ears to a lie!
Oh! if this were true (but it cannot be),
What a fiendish man am I!
Was he not ever, I ask, at her side?
Did he live, save in her sight?
His words were so smooth, and his voice so low,
He could make the *wrong* seem right.

And she—frail woman! was thoughtless and young—
Young as the daughter is now—
And was followed, flattered, and courted, until
She dishonored her marriage-vow.
I'd terrible proof of the truth of this,
In letters that I received:
I know they might have been cruel lies—
But I read, and I believed.

And he—the destroyer! fled from me.
Alone, with cowardly fears—
Perhaps I had found, had he taken her,
Slight comfort amidst my tears,
In thinking the love that he bore the girl,
Might brighten her darkened life,
And prove a solace, however slight,
For the ruin wrought the wife.

But no, he must leave her to me; and I—
Though it nearly broke my heart—
Bade her go from the home made desolate,
For our ways thenceforth must part.
But whither, alas! should she go? she cried;
She had neither mother nor friends,
And the world was bitter to such as she,
It assails but never defends.

Child that she was! could I send her away,
Though crushed to earth through her shame!
I could not—God knows! I went—she remained,
Despoiled of my love and my name.
Years fled: and I found the laurel of fame;
My coffers ran over with gold;
But all I'd resign for the vanished love
Which was mine in the days of old.

Sometimes I go, under cover of night,
And look on my ruined hearth:
The house is there—and the woman is there,
But my home is not on earth.
Her shadow I've seen on the window-shade—
God help me!—my heart is weak!—
And I felt that I'd like to hear her voice,
And look on her faded cheek.

Her face *was* the fairest I ever have seen—
Her forehead was white as snow,
And her hair was brown, and her eyes were bright,
In the days of long ago.
It is said that her life since then has been
One of repentance and tears:
That her brow has wrinkled, her hair turned grey,
Through sorrowing more than years.

Should this be so—and I question it not—
Great has her punishment been:
But, doubtless, ere now in mercy and love,
God's pardon has cancelled her sin.
Shall I any longer forgiveness withhold,
From one who still is my wife—
Has sinned but repents? No! Christ is my guide—
My prayers shall be for her through life.

LITERATURE IN PRUSSIA.

[*Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.*]

BERLIN, April 21, 1859.

Professor Tischendorf of Leipsic, is now in Cairo, at the expense of the Russian Government, searching for manuscripts and other valuable relics of ancient literature. A letter from him, addressed to the Saxon Minister of Public Instruction, dated March 15, has just appeared in a Leipsic paper, announcing some important discoveries. The principal prize is a manuscript of the Bible, from the fourth century—that is, as old as the famous Vatican MS. which has recently made so much noise. This, unless Tischendorf is mistaken in its value, will partly deprive the one in Rome of the honor in which it has hitherto been held as the oldest and most precious.

The newly found volume consists of 345 parchment leaves, as large as can be made at the rate of two to a gazelle skin, and contains most of the Prophets, the Psalter, the book of Job, Jesus son of Sirach, Wisdom of Solomon, and other of the Old Testament Apocryphal books; but the most important fact is that it contains the New Testament entire.

Beside this, the Professor has found an undoubtedly authentic and complete MS. of the Epistle of Barnabas, and a similar one "*von dem Hirten des Hermes*," both belonging to the second century, and originally ranking with the other books of the New Testament in the estimation of the early Christians. Tischendorf hopes to be allowed to publish these three manuscripts immediately.

Two or three works not yet publicly announced here so far as I have seen, and which their authors expect to have out during the Summer or Autumn, are a continuation of his "Vorgeschichte" (introductory history) to the History of Rationalism, by Tholuck of Halle. I recently had the honor of an interview with the fine old Professor, and learned the fact from him that this second part is nearly ready for the press. I believe it is to discuss the condition of religion in the sixteenth century—am not quite sure.

A continuation of a history of the Huguenots by Major von Polentz—a noble-looking, venerable old man, who was an officer in the German part of Napoleon's army in the Russian campaign of 1812. The first volume is out, and I was assured by Prof. Tholuck that it is by far the best work on the subject. The Major is a firm believer in the American system of the voluntary support of religious institutions. If not a Baptist in his religious opinions, he very strongly sympathises with the little Baptist society of his place of abode—Halle.

Prof. Tellkampf, formerly connected with Union and Columbia Colleges, but now in the University at Breslau, and member of the Upper House of the Prussian Parliament, has a volume of politico-economical Essays in press, in English, founded in part upon writings of his during his residence in America. One is on Codification, another on Money and Banks, a third upon the workings of the German Zollverein; a fourth upon prisons, etc.

Dr. Chrysander, well known in the musico-literary world of Germany as one of the first writers on musical-historical topics, is now in London, finishing the second volume of his very remarkable Life of Handel, the first volume of which appeared last season.

Of the final volume of Jahn's Life of Mozart, we have as yet no tidings. I doubt whether these four thick volumes will be found to have interest enough to make them worth translating into English; but public libraries ought to have them, since they contain a vast amount of information, not only upon Mozart, but upon all points connected with him.

Hermann Grimm, son of Prof. Wilhelm, one of the famous brothers, is at work upon a life of Michael Angelo. It is said that he has new materials. I think the following extract from a letter of this young man will interest the reader, although dated in February last. Having mentioned that he had called upon Humboldt in the morning, he goes on to say:

"When I was with him a few days ago, he began to chide me in his good-natured way for adopting the English title of 'Essays' to my volume just published. I defended it on the ground of necessity, explaining that we have in German no word which applies to such writings as in America and England are known as 'Essays,' and then added that I had adopted it, after all mainly in the hope of doing something to make the Essays of Emerson—to whom I had dedicated my little book—better known to the German public. I added that I possibly had done something to gain your remarkable countryman a hearing here. Humboldt had seen nothing of Emerson's writings, and asked me to bring him something; and the next day I sent him the two volumes of Essays.

"To-day he began to talk about them in a manner that showed me how great an impression the clearness, strength, and originality of Emerson had made upon him. Now, he said, he could easily understand the strength of my desire to visit America—a journey now-a-days not much greater than to Paris or London.

"I enjoyed all this greatly. He did not then return my books—a proof that he intends reading more in them. His health is much firmer. But though he spoke with all his old freshness and life, when I rose to go I found him too weak to rise from his chair alone. Like Goethe, it is his fortune during life to have a foretaste of his immortality; and like Goethe, too, he is continuing even down to the last to sustain that deep interest in all that pertains to mankind and the world, with the same all-embracing love and the same clear insight which have distinguished him from the beginning."

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF LITERARY PEOPLE.

A correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* gives the following pen-and-ink sketches of prominent literary people:

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good-natured beef-eater. Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who has been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rollicking boy. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers. And thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. Mrs. Sigourney, the grandmother of American "female" literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait), was quite handsome. Katherine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs E. F. Ellet looks like a washwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle. Frances O. Osgood had a lovely womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite lovely, unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean we find Madame de Staël was a fright, but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry glorious; Letetia Langdon pretty; Mrs Hemans wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton regally beautiful; Elizabeth Barrett Browning in physique is angular, and thought she has magnificent eyes, her face is suggestive of a tombstone. Charlotte Brontë had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first-class craniums—Shakespeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was tolerably handsome, and Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, all were uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary, in spite of his fine head. Macauley is homely. Bulwer nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton.

ELMIRA COLLEGIANS.

A company of young ladies from Elmira College, N. Y., having recently made a visit to Philadelphia, the "Own correspondent" of the *Tribune* records the fact as if he were describing the visit to the Quaker City of a group of educated monkeys. Hear him:

Twenty of the girls who are being educated at Elmira College, New York, came to this city a fortnight ago, in charge of their Professor, being on a regular geological tour in search of knowledge, novelty and health. I met them several times during their sojourn, and am bound to say that one seldom meets a company of more intelligent, robust, and bouncing damsels. While here, they visited nearly all our lions, such as our great Girard College, the Penitentiary, the Academy of the Fine Arts, Independence Hall, etc. The mysteries of the coinage, as illustrated by the beautiful machinery in operation at the Mint, appeared to give them the highest satisfaction. Several of them carried little note books, in which numerous memoranda were made, and doubtless these will yet be worked up into graphic articles, for the favorite village journal. These young ladies, when inquiring into the why and wherefore of this, that, and the other piece of machinery which they saw, displayed an intelligence, and an aptitude of comprehension far above the average of junior minds. It was evident they came to learn as well as to see. When at that noble museum, the Academy of Natural Sciences, their proficiency in geological study became very apparent to all who listened to their remarks. They appeared struck with the richness and rareness of the valuable collection of rocks and fossils, and discussed the merits of specimens with a technical unction that amused and charmed the listener. On their way down to the city the company visited the Mammoth Coal Vein at Tamaqua, where each one courageously descended the shaft, hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth. It is a perilous descent for even veteran miners—how much more so must it have been for these gentle girls. It will not be doubted that a trip of this kind, superintended by competent and careful preceptors, must greatly enlarge the range of ideas and the knowledge of these young minds. They see, and hear, and learn a world of everything that is good and useful to them in after life, from which the humdrum routine of the boarding school effectually shuts then out. Next to the gymnasium, such tours after health and knowledge would be the most beneficial innovation on the ordinary routine of school life that could be made. These girls will now remember Philadelphia with pleasure as long as they live.

THETA DELTA CHI.

[*Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.*]

TROY, N. Y., June 13, 1859.

The Annual Convention of the *Theta Delta Chi* Fraternity assembled at the Troy House, in this city, on Thursday last. Mr. L. C. INGLIS, of South Carolina, presided. Some seventy-five or more delegates and members were present from the Universities of North Carolina, Vermont, and Virginia; Brown, Harvard, and Wesleyan Universities; and from Bowdoin, Hobart, Kenyon, Tufts, Union, and William and Mary Colleges. Thursday was devoted to the affairs of the Fraternity, and in the evening the literary exercises were held.

In consequence of the failure of the orator and poet to reach Troy in time, Mr. E. G. P. WILKINS, of New York, consented to deliver the oration, on an hour's notice, and Mr. W. B. FRENCH, of Tufts College, read a poem. Considering the short notice, both the orator and poet performed their respective parts in a manner alike creditable to themselves and the society. Mr. WILKINS' address was brilliant and effective, keeping the audience in the best of humor by his witty and entertaining remarks on the nature and character of secret societies.

BIBLICAL KNOWLEDGE.

We are more and more satisfied, from several samples of Bible-reading which have come under our observation, that our public characters, especially politicians, ought to be careful how they meddle with Scripture.

Gov. Wise, of Virginia, in his recent letter to Hon. David Hubbard, says: "The Reubens have tried to sell me into Egypt for my dreaming." Whereupon the New York *Express* says: "The Governor has reference, doubtless, to the story of Joseph being sold into Egypt—but, unfortunately, he has got it all wrong. Reuben, it so happens, was the only one of the brothers who did *not* want to sell him. The Governor should join a Bible-class right off and let Goggin go."

A member of Congress from Illinois, a few years ago (Mr. Hoge), is reported as quoting in debate the following lines, as coming from the Bible:

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

This *Scripture* quotation of Mr. Hoge brings to mind an anecdote related to us by a clergyman, as occurring within his knowledge. A good woman (the "weaker vessel," very likely, of the two) had lost her husband by death—and receiving a visit of condolence from the minister, she entered pretty fully into a detail of her feelings of lonliness and grief, in her widowed condition. She said she found herself going back and forth, wandering about the house all day long, from garret to cellar—now looking into the room where her poor, dear husband died, then trying to divert her mind by doing chores about house, and then, again, going to the good Book for consolation. She was, she said, a poor lone woman—and she couldn't help thinking all day long of that very touching passage of Scripture—in the Book of Lamentations, she believed it was—which hit her case exactly: "*Goosey, Goosey, Gander, where will you wander?*"

Col. Benton, in the United States Senate, is reported as speaking of our Saviour having cast seven devils out of a certain *man*; and Waddy Thompson, a former member of Congress and Minister to Mexico, in his "Recollections" of that country, speaking of the Hospital of Lazarus, says: "The inmates would have rivalled, in sores and rags, the *brother of Mary and Martha*."

It is recorded that two members of a certain State Legislature, at the close of the session, addressed a circular to their constituents, in which they said: "We hope the course we have pursued, and the votes we have given, will meet your approbation. We hope you will say to us, as Nathan said to David, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'"

Another member, earnestly opposing a measure before the House, said: "Mr. Speaker, I would no more vote for that measure than I would fall down and worship the golden calf that Abraham made." A brother member corrected him, saying: "Mr. Speaker, it was not *Abraham* that made the golden calf, it was *Nebuchadnezzar*."

That "great men are not always wise," is still further exemplified in an anecdote of a distinguished English Judge. Lord Kenyon, who understood law better than the Gospel, closed one of his charges to a jury, as follows: "Finally, gentlemen, I would call your attention to the example of the Roman Emperor Julian, who was so distinguished for every Christian virtue, that he was called Julian the *Apostle*."

That editors should occasionally be at fault in the Scriptures, is not, perhaps, very strange. We have room for only one example. In giving an obituary notice of a worthy man, it was remarked: "We may say of him, as the Holy Scriptures have so beautifully expressed it, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God;' and, in regard to the afflicted family, convey to them the consoling assurance from the same blessed source, that 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"—*Bangor Whig and Courier.*

JOHN MILLER AND "JUNIUS."

The *Spartan* thus corrects a late report concerning the secret of "Junius:"

The Pendleton *Messenger*, in a sketch of the Old Stone Meeting house, makes fresh mention of John Miller, the old English printer, who died some year or so ago, and speaks again of Mr. Miller having known who Junius was, and that he carried the secret to his grave. It seems that Miller was an apprentice in the office of the London *Advertiser*, a paper owned and edited by Woodfall. The latter was indicted for printing and publishing treasonable or libellous matter, found guilty by the jury, under instructions of the court, and the verdict was afterwards set aside by the King's Bench. The boy Miller was no way mixed up with the trial, and therefore could not have been driven from England for having put in type any of the Junius letters, when Woodfall afterwards printed the letters in a book. He could not have known the author, as the practice with Woodfall was to transcribe Junius's manuscript—not sending any of the original writing to his printers. Perhaps, like a thousand and one others, Miller may have guessed at the author; but his guess was perhaps equally wide of the true man.

The *Spartan* is right in its protest against a version which only shows how hastily history is made by newspapers. John Miller, above referred to, was an apprentice in the office of Woodfall, the printer of the "Junius" letters, and was afterwards persecuted, and we believe, prosecuted, for some publication, but not for the "Junius" letters. He came to Charleston in distress, and under the patronage and recommendation of Henry Laurens, as is stated in a letter which is found in the collection of the South Carolina Historical Society, and which was printed some months since in the *Courier*.

Our esteemed and venerable friend, A. E. Miller, has a distinct recollection of John Miller (who was not a relative), and has informed us that John Miller, after going into the backwoods and establishing the Pendleton *Messenger*, occasionally visited Charleston and purchased supplies from Harrison & Bowen, or W. P. Harrison & Co., with whom our friend, A. E. Miller, was then an apprentice. Speaking of John Miller and his primitive press, we are reminded of the use of that press in the army under General Greene, and we respectfully suggest to our brethren of the craft the propriety of placing that press in some public depository, or in the possession of the South Carolina Historical Society.—*Charleston Courier, June 11.*

BAGATELLES!

BY FRANK.

I saw one day, near Paphos' bowers,
In a glass—sweet Fancy's own—
A boy lie down among the flowers
That circled Beauty's throne.
Poor youth! it moved my pity quite.
He looked so very sad;—
Apollo said "his head was light,"
But Pallas called him "mad."
A little sylphid, hiding near,
Flew out from some blue-bells,
And whispered in the pale youth's ear,
Pray, try our Bagatelles!

You've pondered o'er those musty books
Till half your locks are grey;—
You've dimmed your eyes, you've spoiled your looks,
You've worn yourself away!
Leave Wisdom's leaden page awhile,
And take your lute again,
And Beauty's eyes shall round you smile,
And Love's repay the strain;
Leave politics to dull M. P.'s,
Philosophy to cells,—
Good youth!—you'll ne'er succeed in these—
So—try our Bagatelles!

We've cures in these enchanted bowers
For every sort of ill,—
Our only medicines are flowers,
Sweet flowers that never kill!
Our leeches, too, are wondrous wise
In mixing simples up,—
We've frozen dew-drops from the skies
For the fevered lover's cup;
We've moonbeams gathered on the hills,
And star-drops in the dells;
And we never send you in our bills—
Pray, try our Bagatelles!

And youths from every coast and clime
Come here to seek advice,
And maids who have misspent their time
Are kept preserved—in ice!
Bright fountains in our garden play,
And each has magic in it,—
We cure blue devils every day,
Blue stockings every minute;
And heartaches when they're worst, and when
No other medicine tells,
In maids or matrons, youths or men,
Yield to our—Bagatelles!

Last week a Statesman came, whose eyes
Scarce knew what sweet repose is,
We gave one draught of Beauty's sighs,—
Look there—how calm he dozes!—
A lawyer called the week before,
Who talked of nought but Blackstone;
We took him to our sylphid shore,
And a pair of wings we waxed on;
And if you'll look in yonder grove,—
Just by that grot of shells,—
You'll find him making shocking love,
And talking—Bagatelles!

The sick youth raised his drooping head
As the sylphid ceased to speak,—
"Hush, hush," she cried, "you must to bed,
And be quiet for a week!"
And soon a nymph with rainbow wings,
And looks of laughing joy,
Came with a lute of silver strings,
And she sat beside the boy;
And when I saw them last, they lay
Far up those flowery dells,
And the boy was growing glad and gay
As she sung him—Bagatelles!

— Since the President was dubbed with the honorary degree of LL.D., by the University of North Carolina—a compliment which, according to the Raleigh *Standard*, "His Excellency was pleased to accept"—the papers are beginning to call him Dr. Buchanan. And, by the way, the Doctor has suddenly become a great favorite with the criminal classes of the country, on account of his eloquent advocacy of "short sentences," though, paradoxical as it may seem, his doctorship is still opposed to "short terms."

THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.

The rules and regulations by which this establishment, to be located at Cambridge, Mass., is to be governed, are agreed upon and signed. The organisation is such as to give all the donors a voice in the management:

First, Harvard College gives nearly five acres of land, upon which the Museum building is to be erected. The College also gives the half of Professor Agassiz's collection, which is purchased. The corporation of the College are trustees of a fund of $50,000, from the estate of the late Francis C. Gray, donated by his executor, William Gray, for the maintenance of a Museum of Natural History. The College also appoints and pays the Professor out of its general funds. He is also to be curator of the museum. The State has granted $100-000, private individuals have subscribed some $70,000, and Professor Agassiz is to give the balance of his collection to the Museum. Outside of the State grant, there is the fund from the estate of Mr. Gray entrusted to the College, the donation of one-half of his collection, the payment of a Professor by the College, and the donation of Professor Agassiz of one-half of his collection, and the fund arising from general subscription, which will undoubtedly be hereafter largely increased. To provide an organisation for the equitable administration of this property, was a proceeding requiring great care and judgment, and the Legislature have attempted to accomplish it by incorporating a body, under the name of "Trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology."

It is only proposed at present to build one-half of the North wing, which will be sufficient for the accommodation of the specimens already collected. The funds now in hands are sufficient for this purpose. Leave of absence will probably be granted to Professor Agassiz to visit Europe, and funds will be placed in his hands to enable him to add to the collection.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 18, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

The First Records of Anglo-American Colonization—Their History. By John Wingate Thornton. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Life of Jonathan Trumbull, Sr., the Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut. 8vo. pp. 700. $3. Boston: Crocker & Brewster.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Theologia Dogmatica, Quam Concinnavit Franciscus Patricius Kenrick, Archiepiscopus Baltimorensis, secundis curis auctoris. 3 vols. 8vo. $6. In half calf, gilt backs, $9. New and Revised Edition.

The Immortality of the Soul and the Final Condition of the Wicked Carefully Considered. By Robert W. Landis. 12mo. pp. 518. $1,25. New York: Carlton & Porter.

REPRINTS FROM THE ENGLISH, ETC.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otte and W. S. Dallas, F.L.S. Vol. V. 12mo. muslin. 85cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo. muslin. $1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

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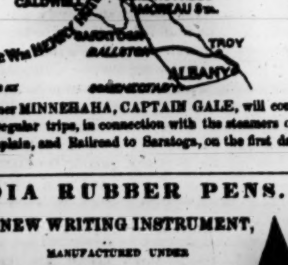

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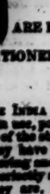

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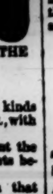

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